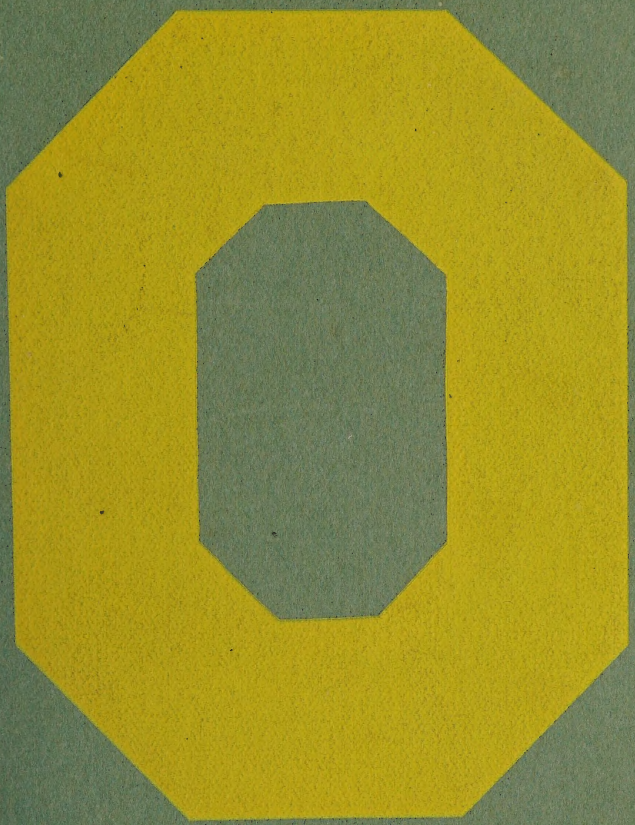
SONGS OF OUR



OREGON

Published by
University of Oregon Co-operative Store
Eugene, Oregon
Price 75 cents postpaid

4
6 50

SONGS OF OUR OREGON

Published by
University of Oregon Co-operative Store
Eugene, Oregon

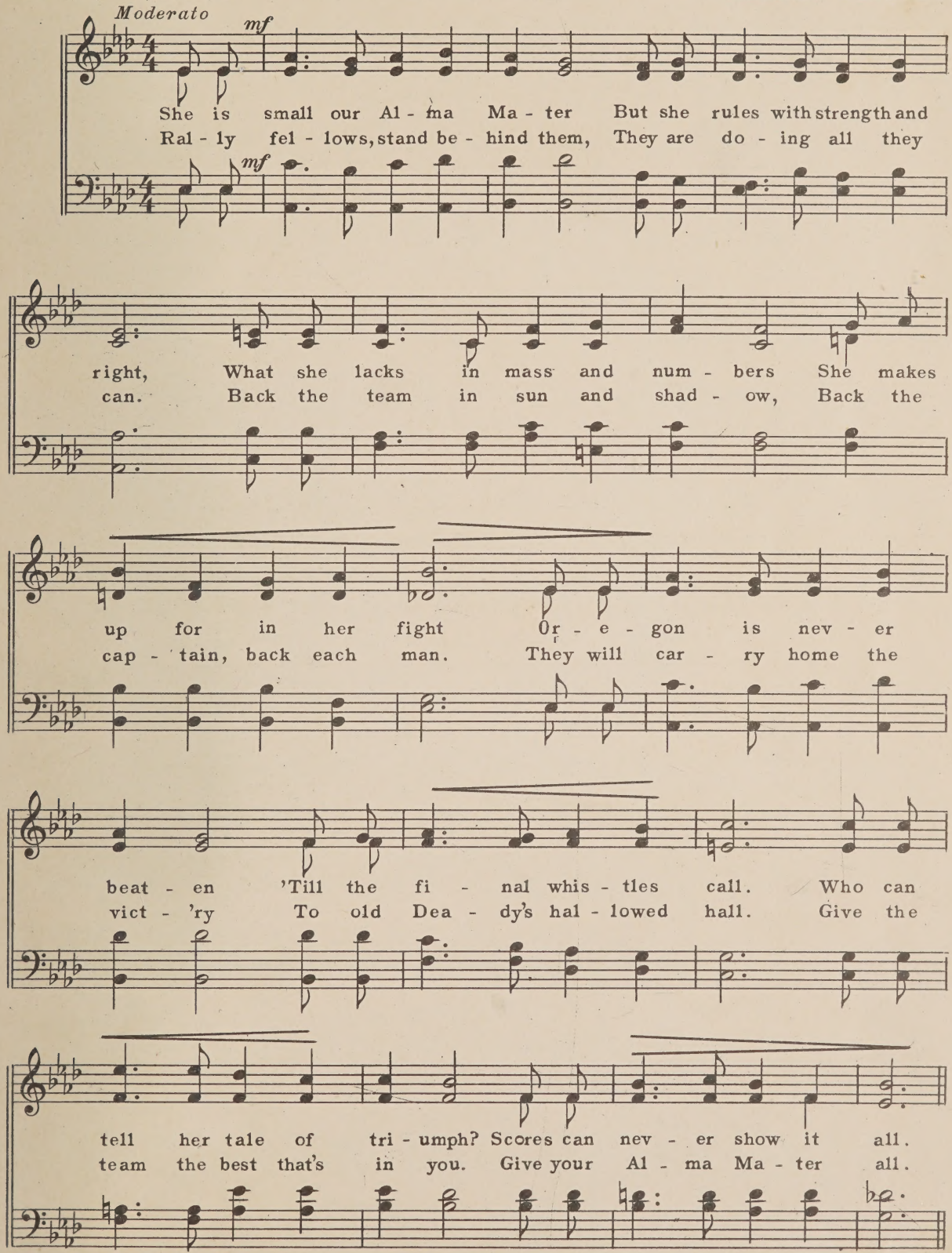
Price 75 cents postpaid

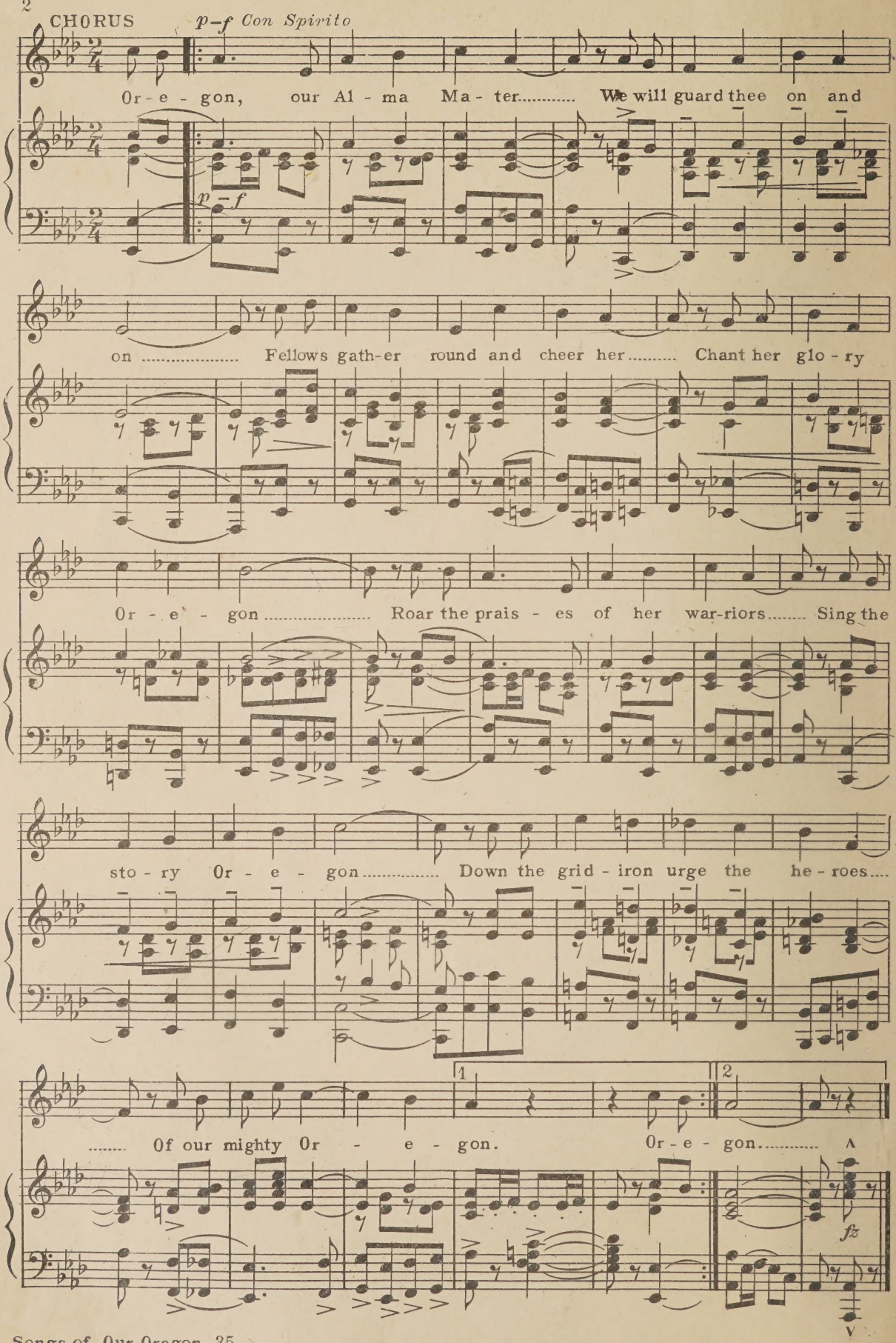
Copyrighted 1918 by the Mighty Oregon Publishing Co.
Eugene, Oregon

Copyright transfered 1929 to University Co-operative Store
Eugene, Oregon

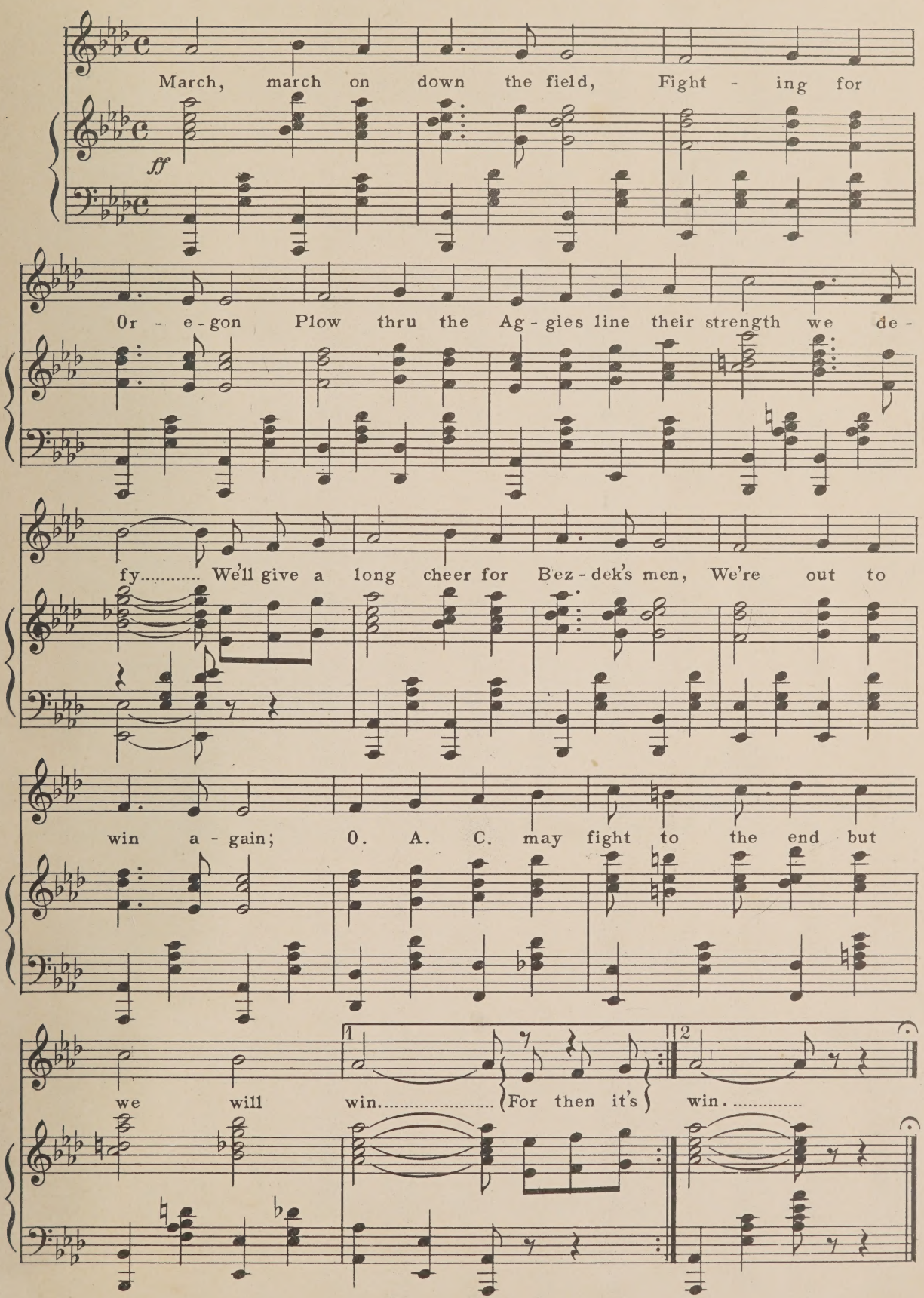
Mighty Oregon

Words by
DE WITT GILBERT

Music by
ALBERT PERFECT

Moderato
mf
She is small our Al - ma Ma - ter But she rules with strength and
Ral - ly fel - lows, stand be - hind them, They are do - ing all they
right, What she lacks in mass and num - bers She makes
can. Back the team in sun and shad - ow, Back the
up for in her fight Or - e - gon is nev - er
cap - tain, back each man. They will car - ry home the
beat - en 'Till the fi - nal whis - tles call. Who can
vict - 'ry To old Dea - dy's hal - lowed hall. Give the
tell her tale of tri - umph? Scores can nev - er show it all.
team the best that's in you. Give your Al - ma Ma - ter all.

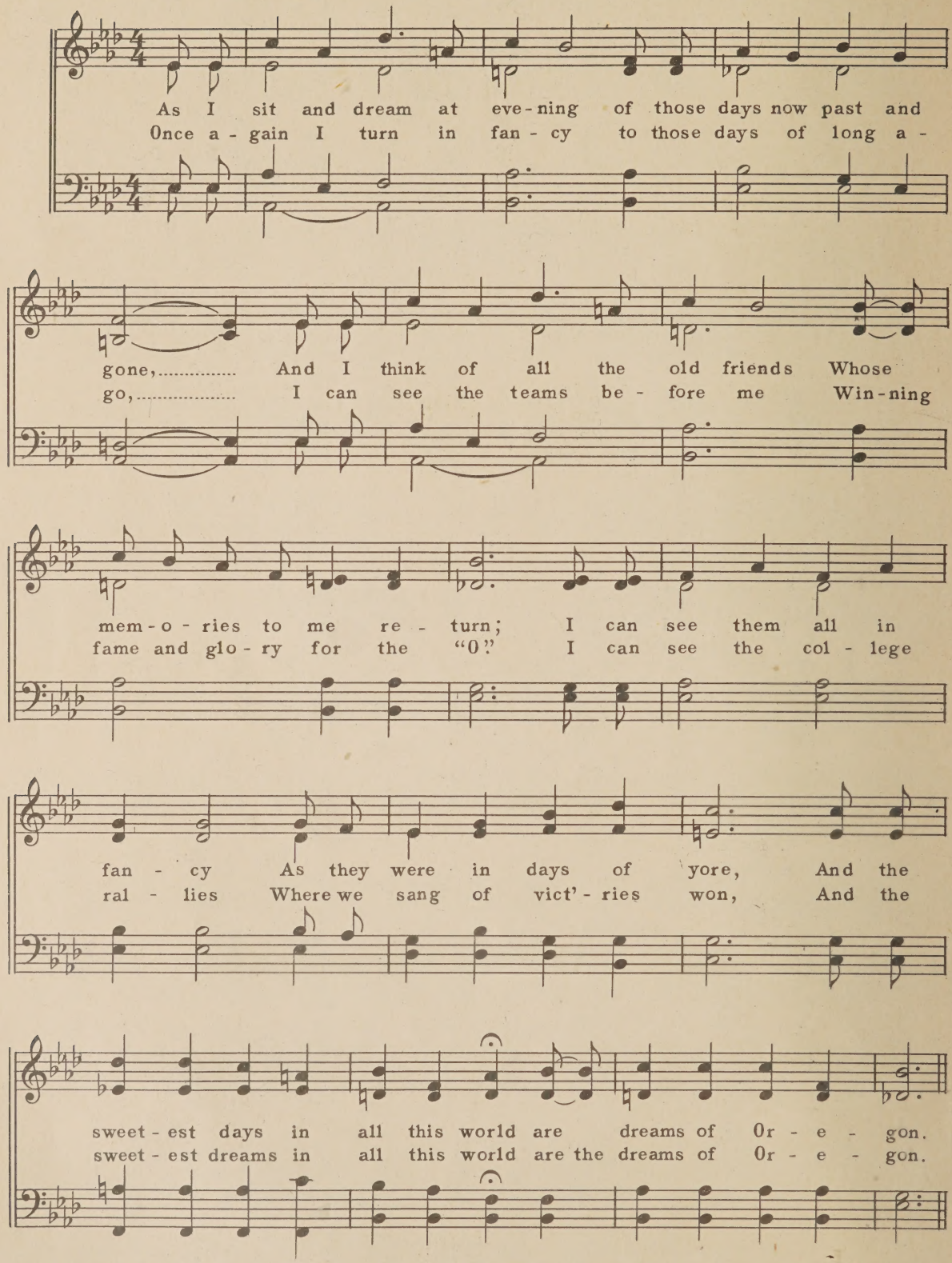

CHORUS
p–f Con Spirito
Or - e - gon, our Al - ma Ma - ter..... We will guard thee on and
p – f
on ..... Fellows gath-er round and cheer her..... Chant her glo - ry
Or - e - gon ..... Roar the prais - es of her war-riors..... Sing the
sto - ry Or - e - gon..... Down the grid - iron urge the he - roes....
1
2
..... Of our mighty Or - e - gon. Or - e - gon.....
fz

March, March On Down the Field

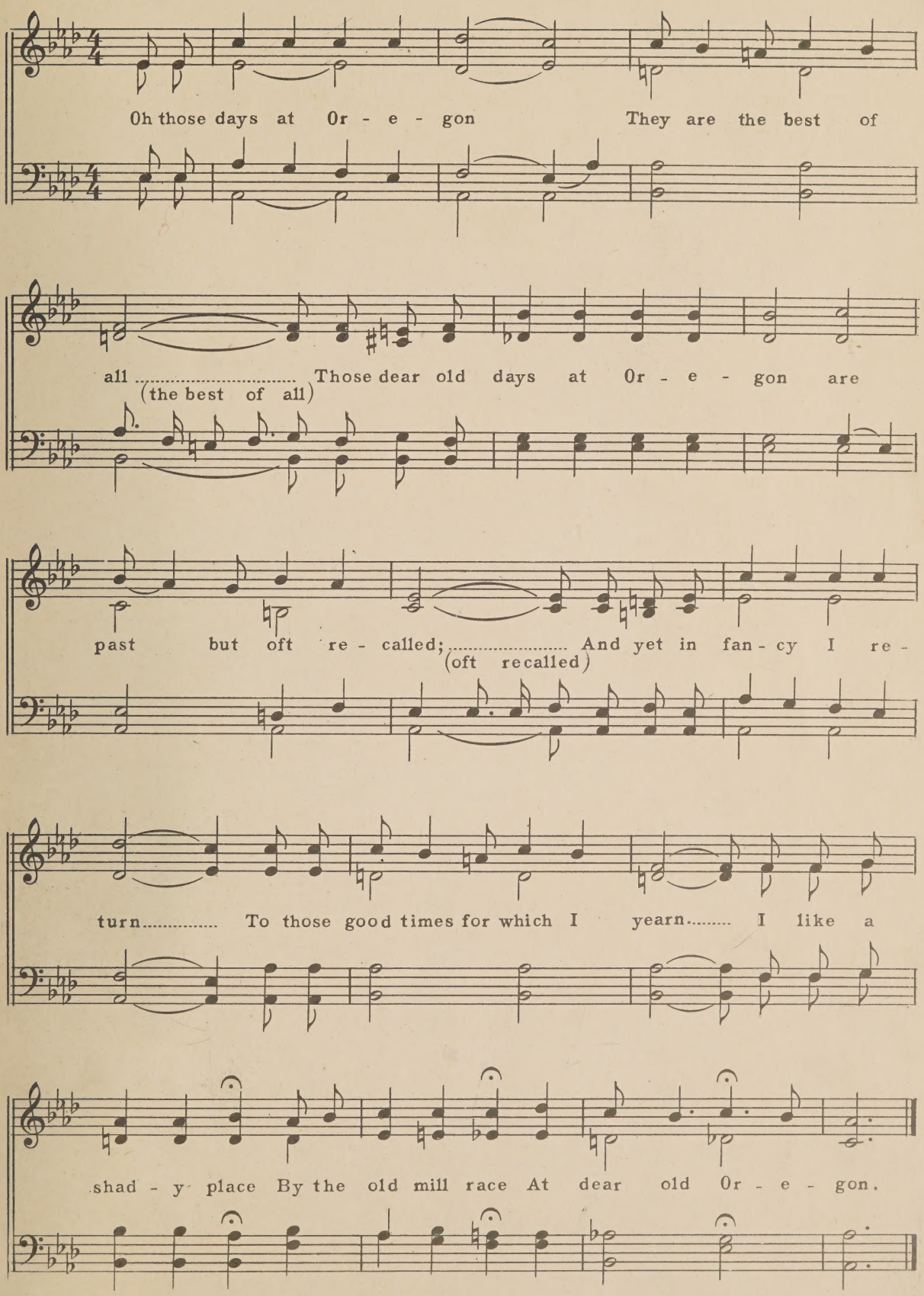

March, march on down the field, Fight - ing for
ff
Or - e - gon Plow thru the Ag - gies line their strength we de -
fy..... We'll give a long cheer for Bez - dek's men, We're out to
win a - gain; O. A. C. may fight to the end but
1
we will win.....
2
For then it's win.....

WILSON
NcU

As I Sit and Dream at Evening

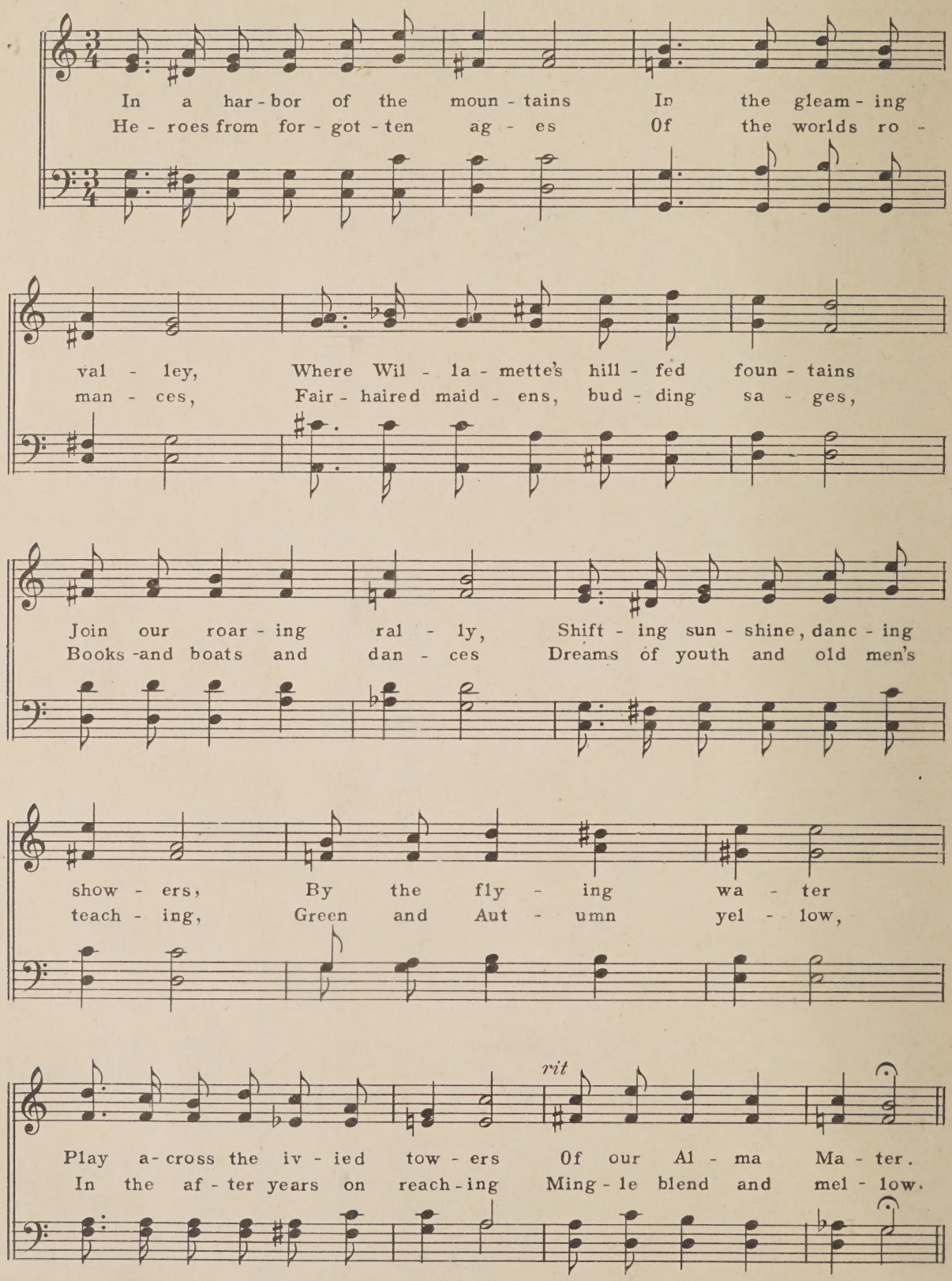
ROBERT H. NELSON

As I sit and dream at eve-ning of those days now past and
Once a-gain I turn in fan-cy to those days of long a-
gone,..... And I think of all the old friends Whose
go,..... I can see the teams be-fore me Win-ning
mem-o-ries to me re-turn; I can see them all in
fame and glo-ry for the "O." I can see the col-lege
fan-cy As they were in days of yore, And the
ral-lies Where we sang of vict'-ries won, And the
sweet-est days in all this world are dreams of Or-e-gon.
sweet-est dreams in all this world are the dreams of Or-e-gon.

CHORUS

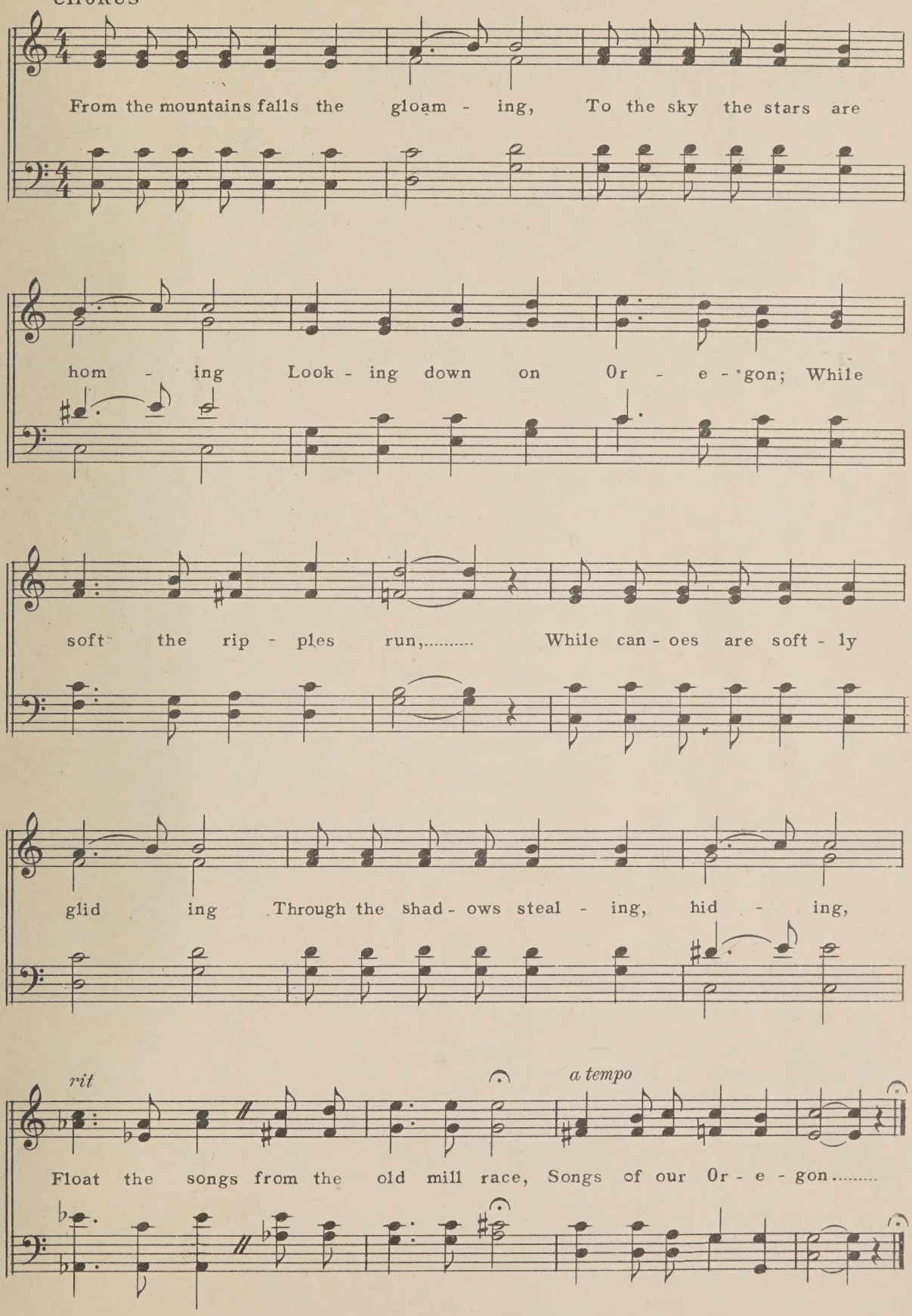

Oh those days at Or - e - gon They are the best of
all ..... Those dear old days at Or - e - gon are
(the best of all)
past but oft re - called; ..... And yet in fan - cy I re -
(oft recalled)
turn..... To those good times for which I yearn..... I like a
shad - y place By the old mill race At dear old Or - e - gon.

In A Harbor of the Mountains

Lyric by
H. C. HOWE

Music by
D. H. Mc COSH

In a har - bor of the moun - tains In the gleam - ing
He - roes from for - got - ten ag - es Of the worlds ro -
val - ley, Where Wil - la - mette's hill - fed foun - tains
man - ces, Fair - haired maid - ens, bud - ding sa - ges,
Join our roar - ing ral - ly, Shift - ing sun - shine, danc - ing
Books and boats and dan - ces Dreams of youth and old men's
show - ers, By the fly - ing wa - ter
teach - ing, Green and Aut - umn yel - low,
rit
Play a - cross the iv - ied tow - ers Of our Al - ma Ma - ter.
In the af - ter years on reach - ing Ming - le blend and mel - low.

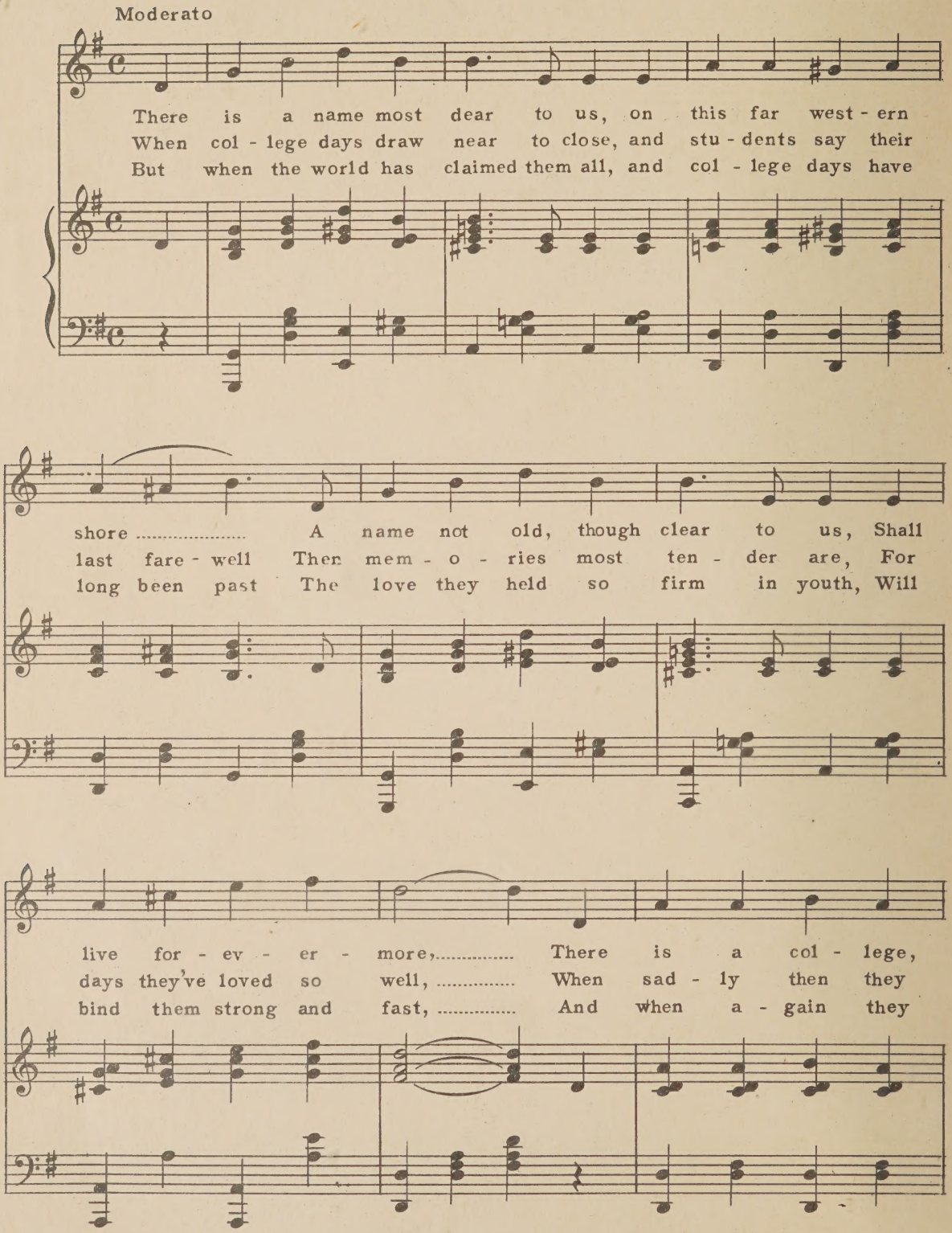
CHORUS

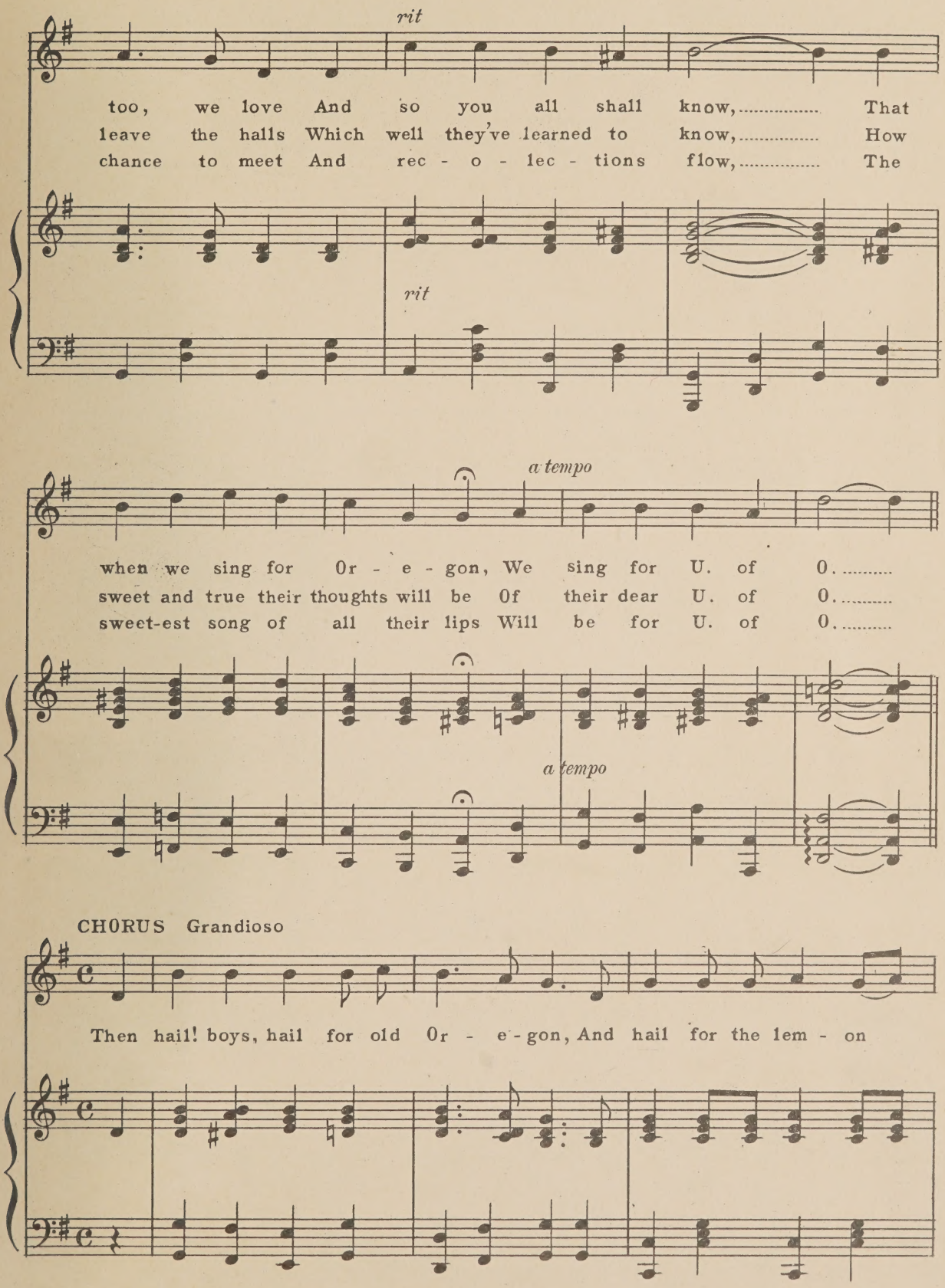

From the mountains falls the gloam - ing, To the sky the stars are
hom - ing Look - ing down on Or - e - gon; While
soft the rip - ples run,..... While can - oes are soft - ly
glid ing Through the shad - ows steal - ing, hid - ing,
rit
a tempo
Float the songs from the old mill race, Songs of our Or - e - gon.....

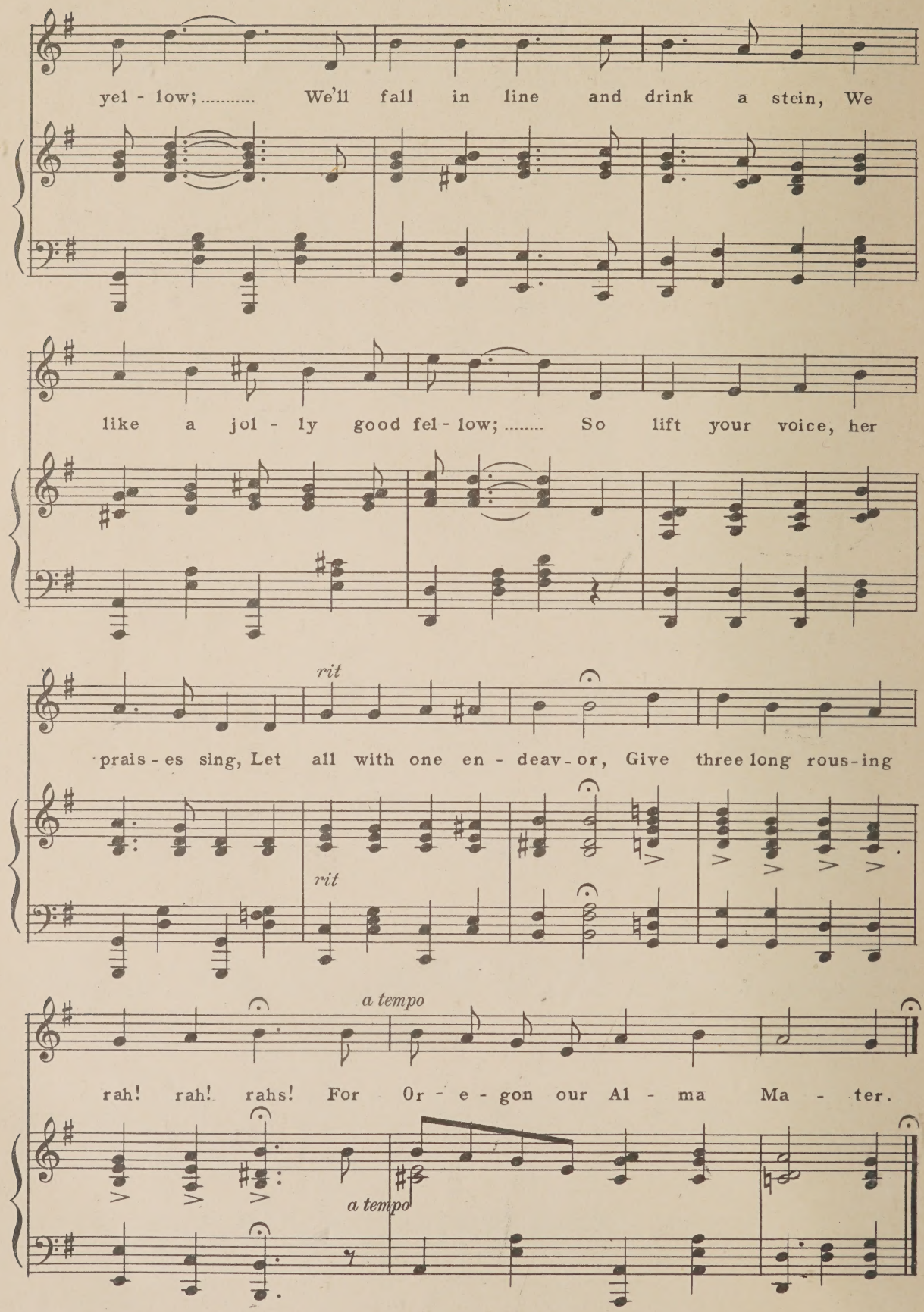
Hail to Oregon

LOUIS HENDERSON '07

Moderato


There is a name most dear to us, on this far west - ern
When col - lege days draw near to close, and stu - dents say their
But when the world has claimed them all, and col - lege days have
shore ..... A name not old, though clear to us, Shall
last fare - well Then mem - o - ries most ten - der are, For
long been past The love they held so firm in youth, Will
live for - ev - er - more, ... There is a col - lege,
days they've loved so well, ... When sad - ly then they
bind them strong and fast, ... And when a - gain they


rit
too, we love And so you all shall know, That
leave the halls Which well they've learned to know, How
chance to meet And rec - o - lec - tions flow, The
rit
a tempo
when we sing for Or - e - gon, We sing for U. of O.
sweet and true their thoughts will be Of their dear U. of O.
sweet-est song of all their lips Will be for U. of O.
a tempo
CHORUS Grandioso
Then hail! boys, hail for old Or - e - gon, And hail for the lem - on

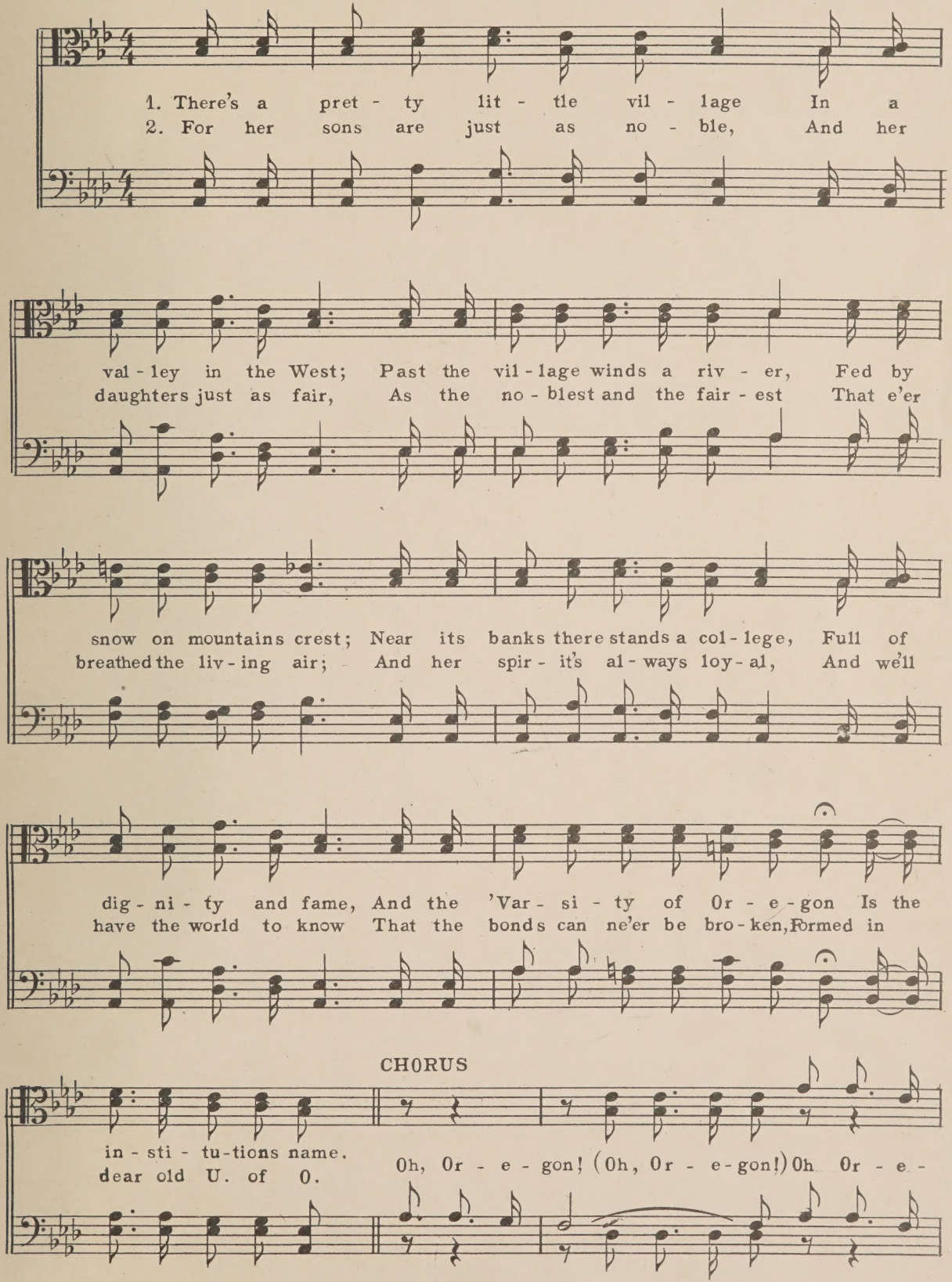

yel - low; ..... We'll fall in line and drink a stein, We
like a jol - ly good fel - low; ..... So lift your voice, her
rit
prais - es sing, Let all with one en - deav - or, Give three long rous - ing
rit
a tempo
rah! rah! rahs! For Or - e - gon our Al - ma Ma - ter.
a tempo

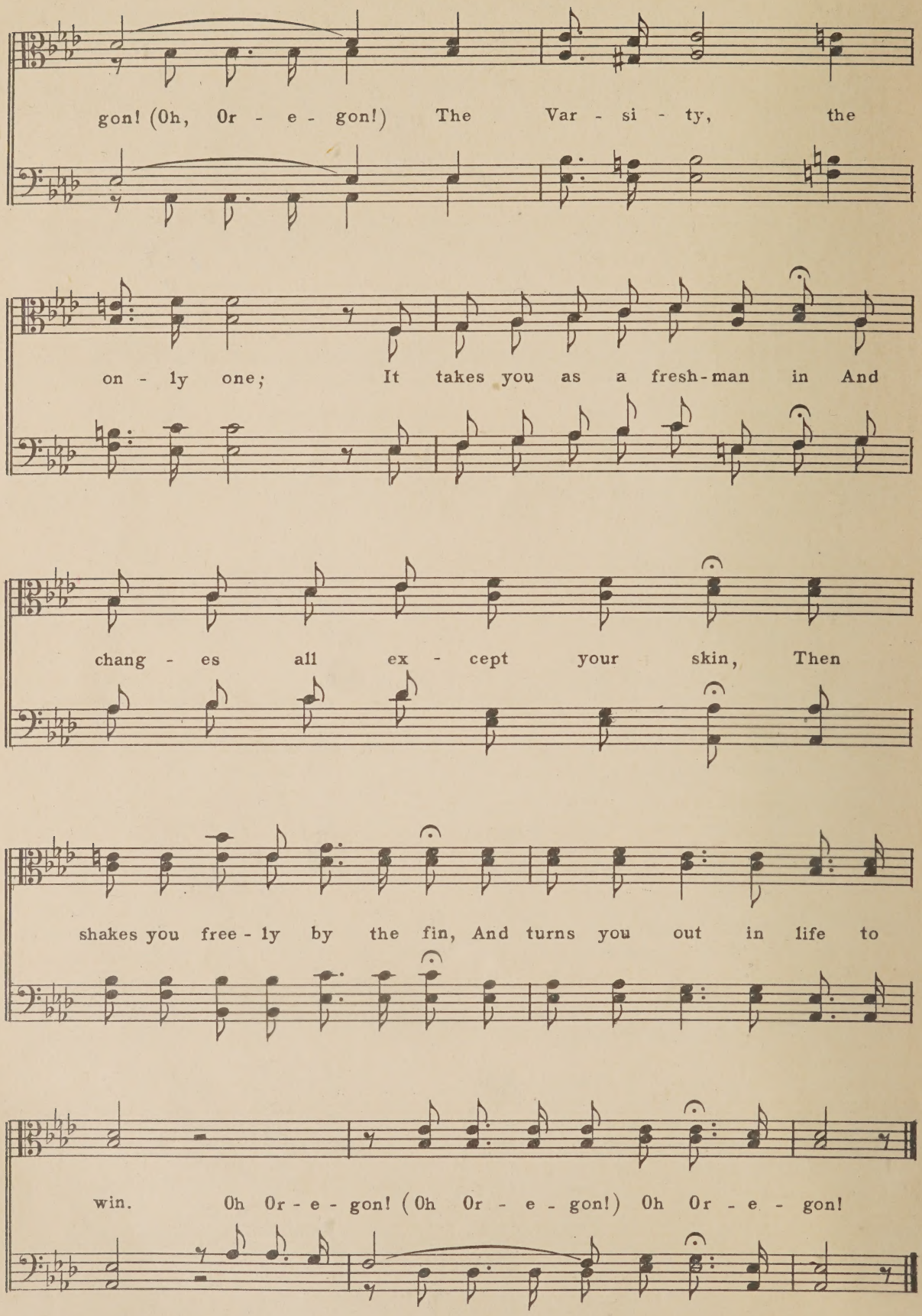
There's a Pretty Little Village

(MALE QUARTET)

Lyric by
I. M. GLEN

Music by
FRANK STRONG


1. There's a pret - ty lit - tle vil - lage In a
2. For her sons are just as no - ble, And her
val - ley in the West; Past the vil - lage winds a riv - er, Fed by
daughters just as fair, As the no - blest and the fair - est That e'er
snow on mountains crest; Near its banks there stands a col - lege, Full of
breathed the liv - ing air; And her spir - it's al - ways loy - al, And we'll
dig - ni - ty and fame, And the 'Var - si - ty of Or - e - gon Is the
have the world to know That the bonds can ne'er be bro - ken, Formed in
CHORUS
in - sti - tu - tions name.
dear old U. of O.
Oh, Or - e - gon! (Oh, Or - e - gon!) Oh Or - e -

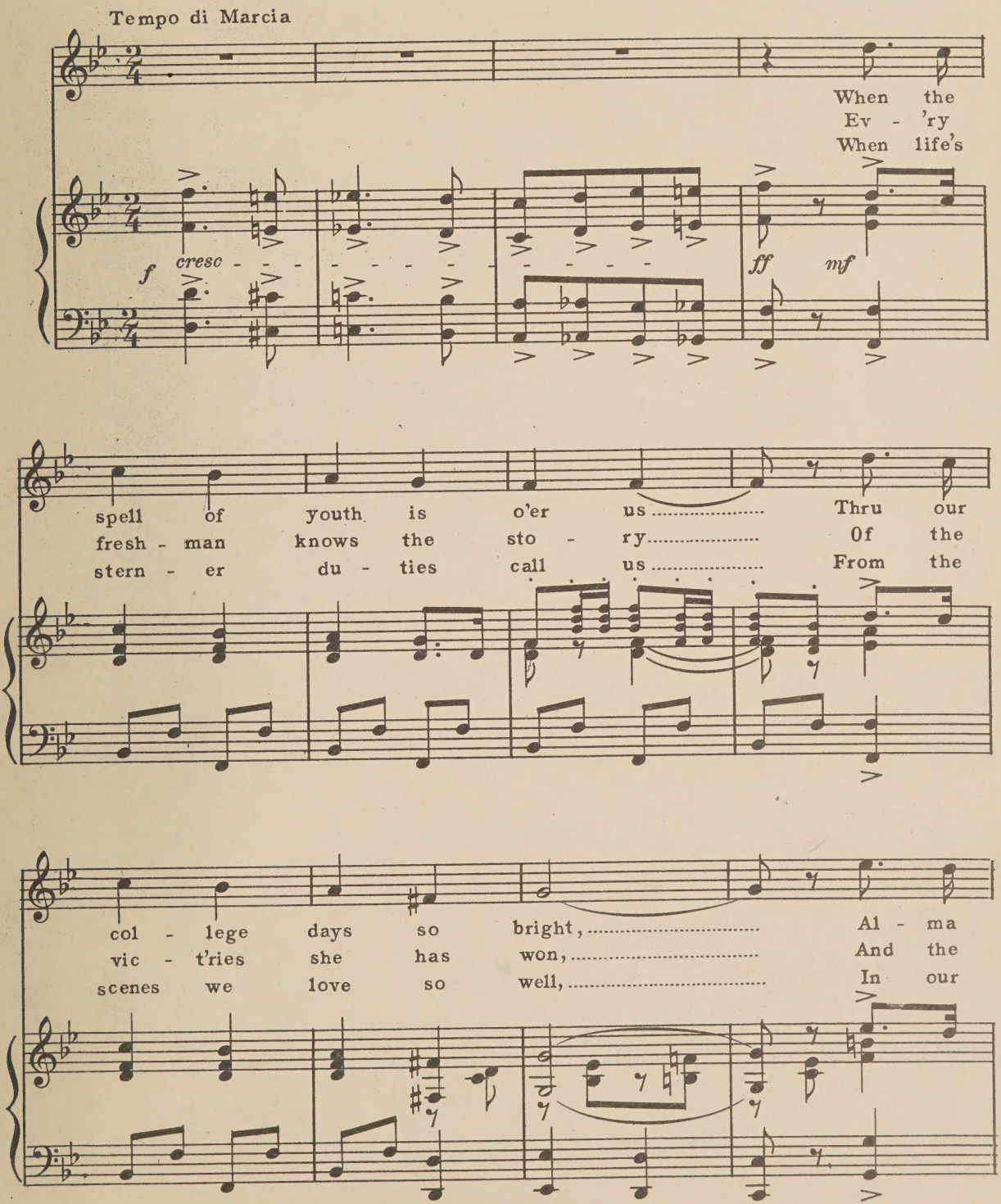

gon! (Oh, Or - e - gon!) The Var - si - ty, the
on - ly one; It takes you as a fresh-man in And
chang - es all ex - cept your skin, Then
shakes you free - ly by the fin, And turns you out in life to
win. Oh Or - e - gon! (Oh Or - e - gon!) Oh Or - e - gon!

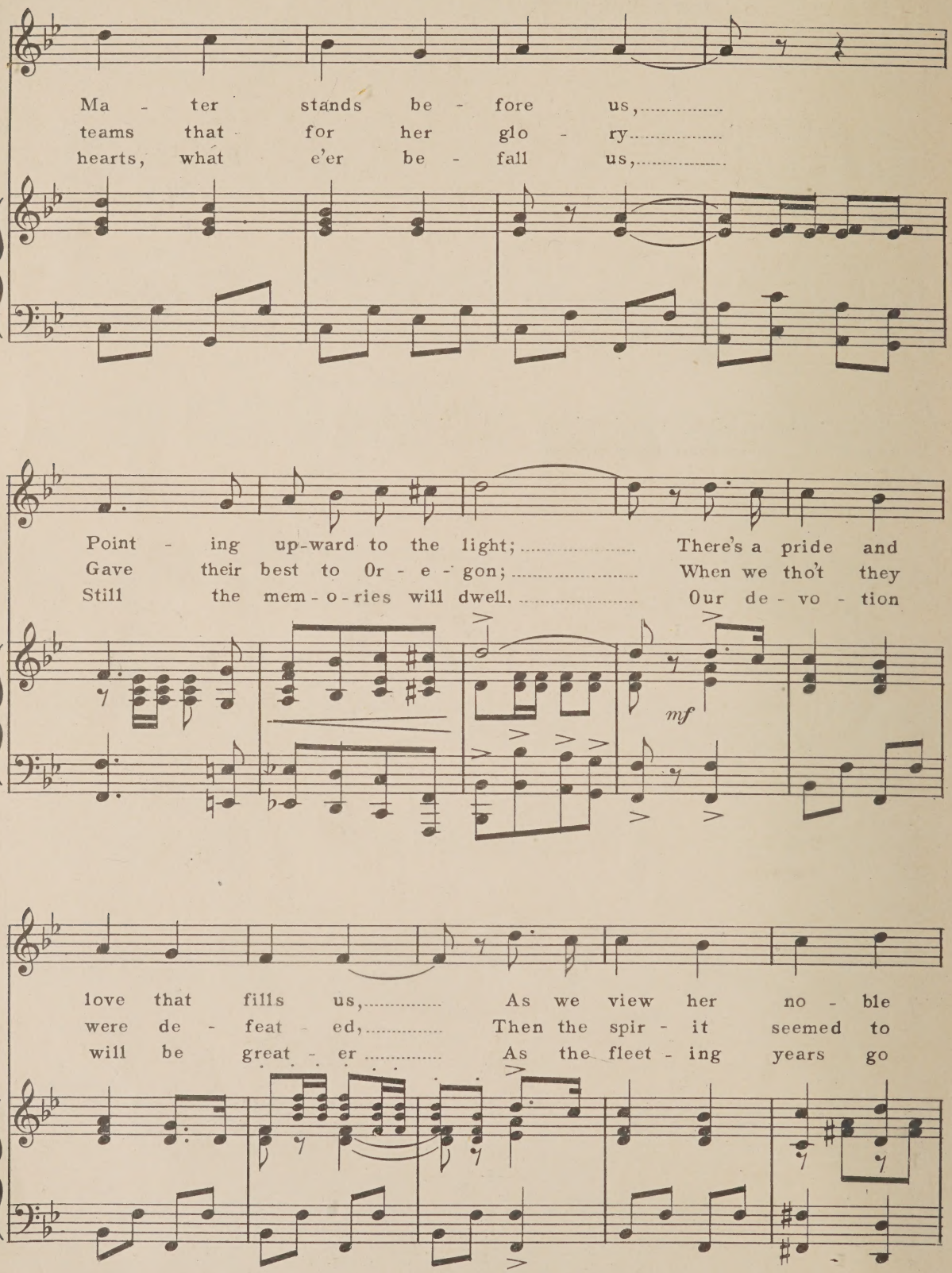
Oregon, All Hail to Thee

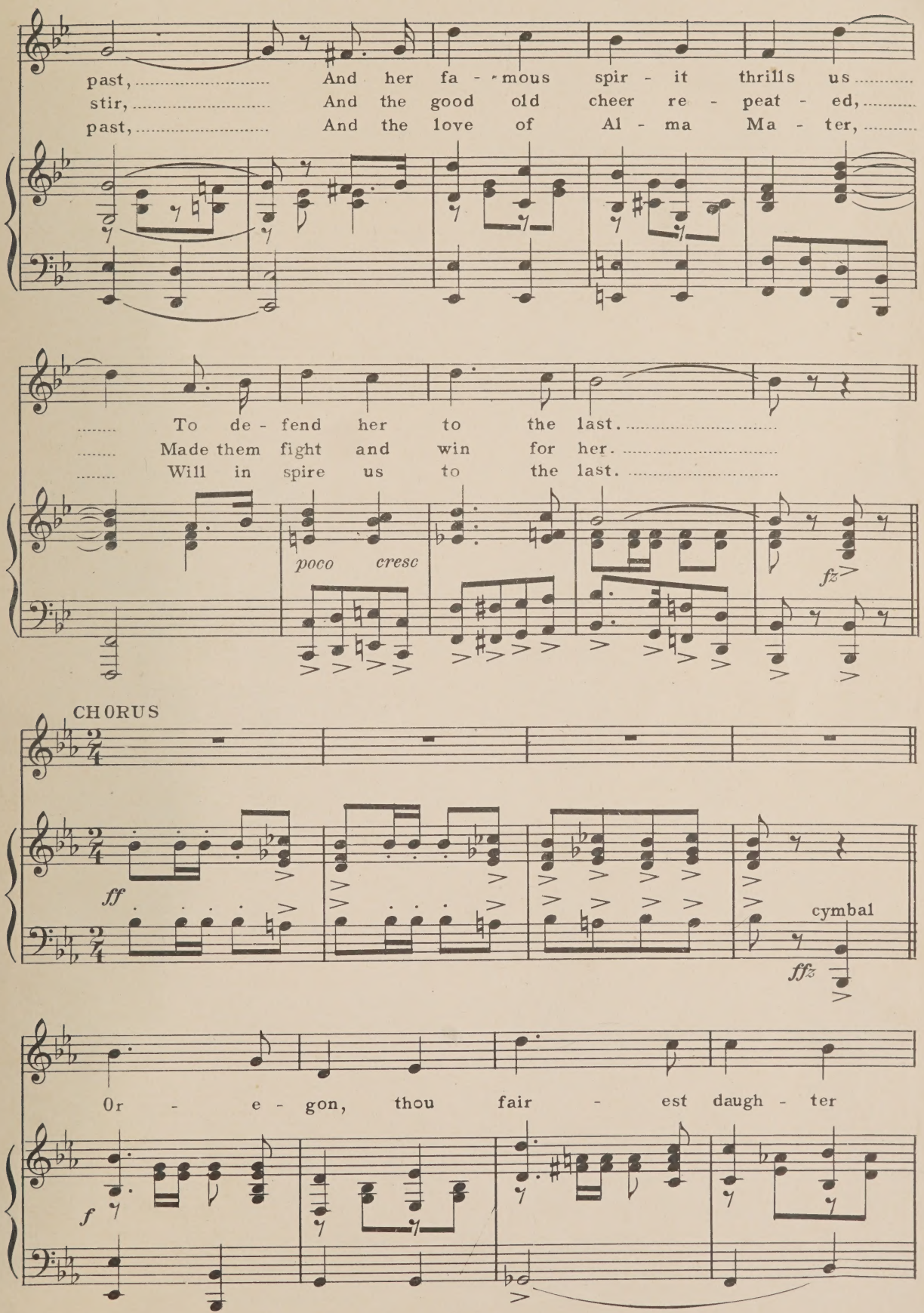
(ALMA MATER SONG)

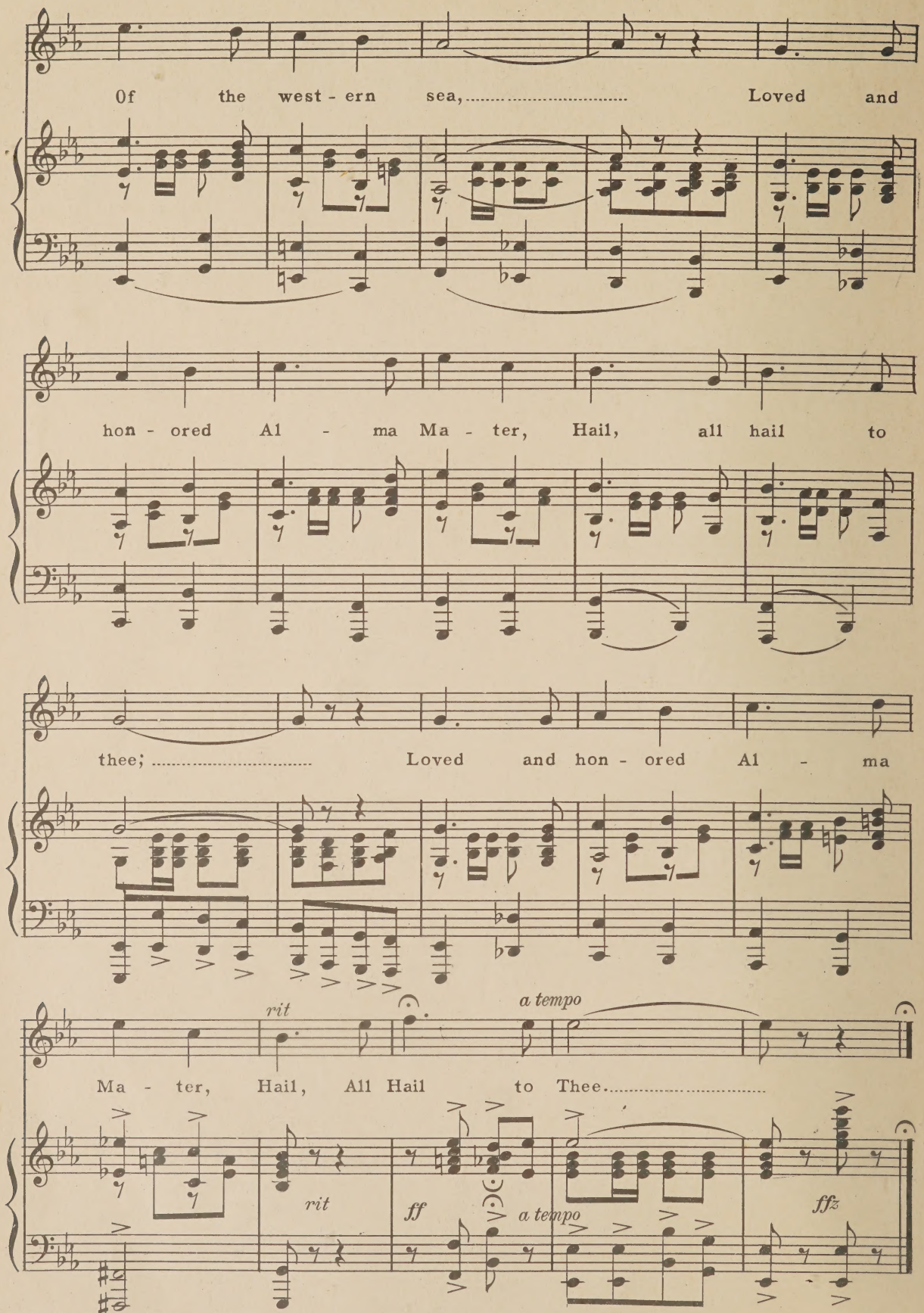
Words by
LEE HENDRICKS

Music by
DUDLEY HUNTINGTON (Mc COSH)


Tempo di Marcia
When the
Ev - 'ry
When life's
f cresc
ff mf
spell of youth is o'er us Thru our
fresh - man knows the sto - ry Of the
stern - er du - ties call us From the
col - lege days so bright, Al - ma
vic - t'ries she has won, And the
scenes we love so well, In our


Ma - ter stands be - fore us,
teams that for her glo - ry
hearts, what e'er be - fall us,
Point - ing up-ward to the light;
Gave their best to Or - e - gon;
Still the mem - o - ries will dwell.
There's a pride and
When we tho't they
Our de - vo - tion
mf
love that fills us,
were de - feat - ed,
will be great - er
As we view her no - ble
Then the spir - it seemed to
As the fleet - ing years go

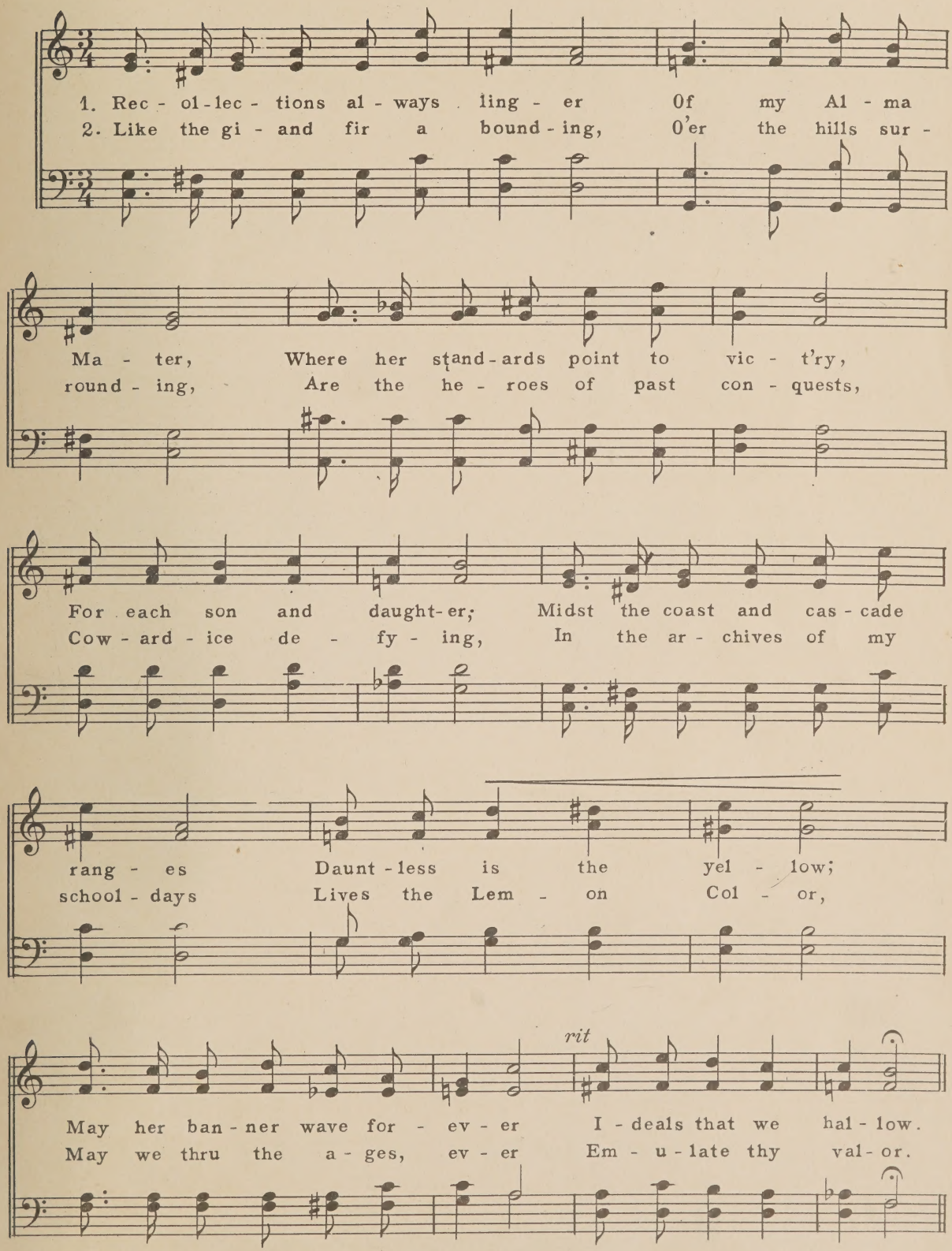

past, And her fa - mous spir - it thrills us
stir, And the good old cheer re - peat - ed,
past, And the love of Al - ma Ma - ter,
To de - fend her to the last.
Made them fight and win for her.
Will in spire us to the last.
poco cresc
fz
CHORUS
ff
cymbal
ffz
Or - e - gon, thou fair - est daugh - ter
f


Of the west - ern sea, Loved and
hon - ored Al - ma Ma - ter, Hail, all hail to
thee; Loved and hon - ored Al - ma
rit
a tempo
Ma - ter, Hail, All Hail to Thee
rit
ff
a tempo
ffz

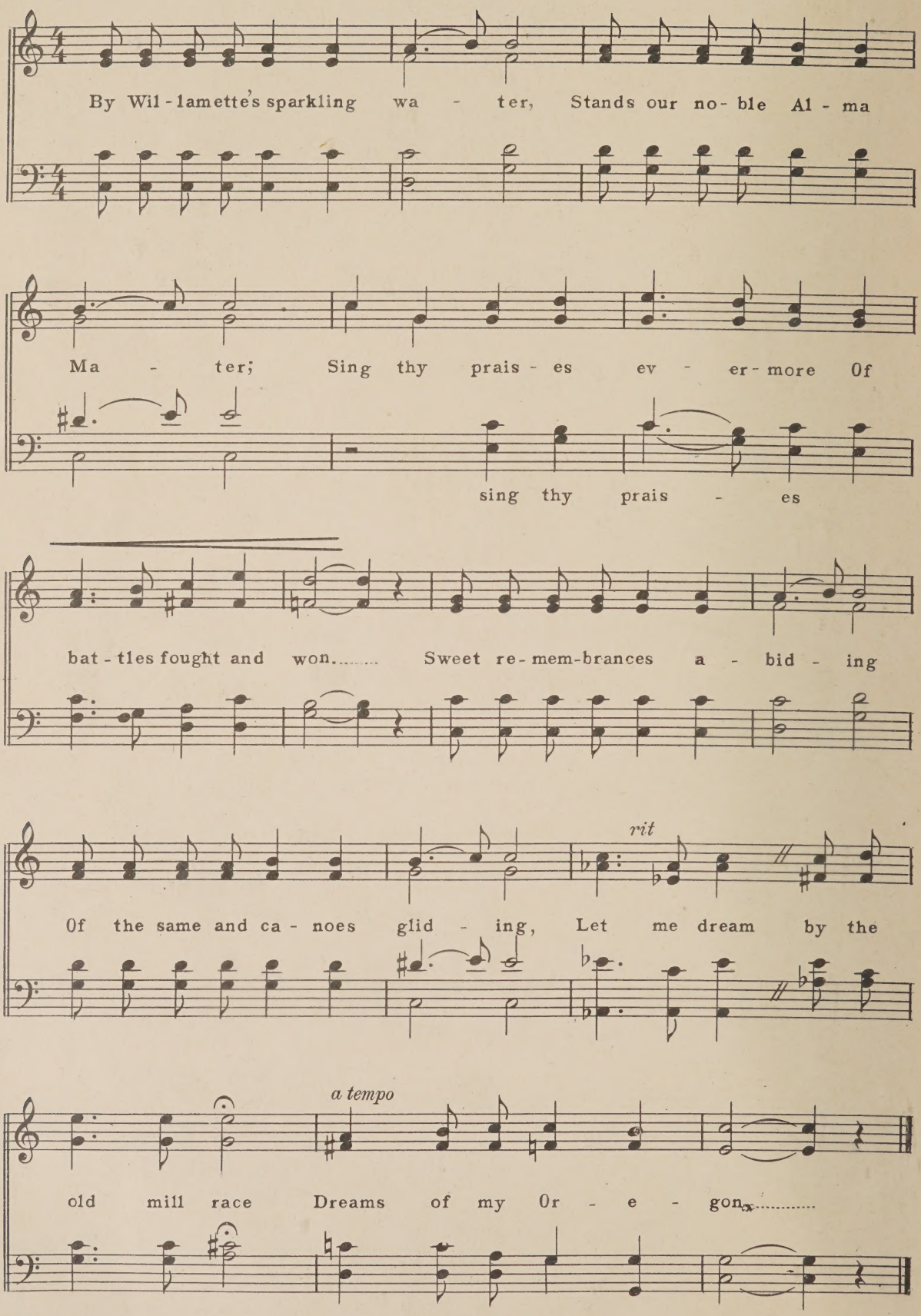
Dreams of My Oregon

(ALMA MATER SONG)

Words and Music by
DUDLEY HUNTINGTON (McCOSH)


1. Rec - ol - lec - tions al - ways ling - er Of my Al - ma
2. Like the gi - and fir a bound - ing, O'er the hills sur -
Ma - ter, Where her stand - ards point to vic - t'ry,
round - ing, Are the he - roes of past con - quests,
For each son and daught - er; Midst the coast and cas - cade
Cow - ard - ice de - fy - ing, In the ar - chives of my
rang - es Daunt - less is the yel - low;
school - days Lives the Lem - on Col - or,
rit
May her ban - ner wave for - ev - er I - deals that we hal - low.
May we thru the a - ges, ev - er Em - u - late thy val - or.

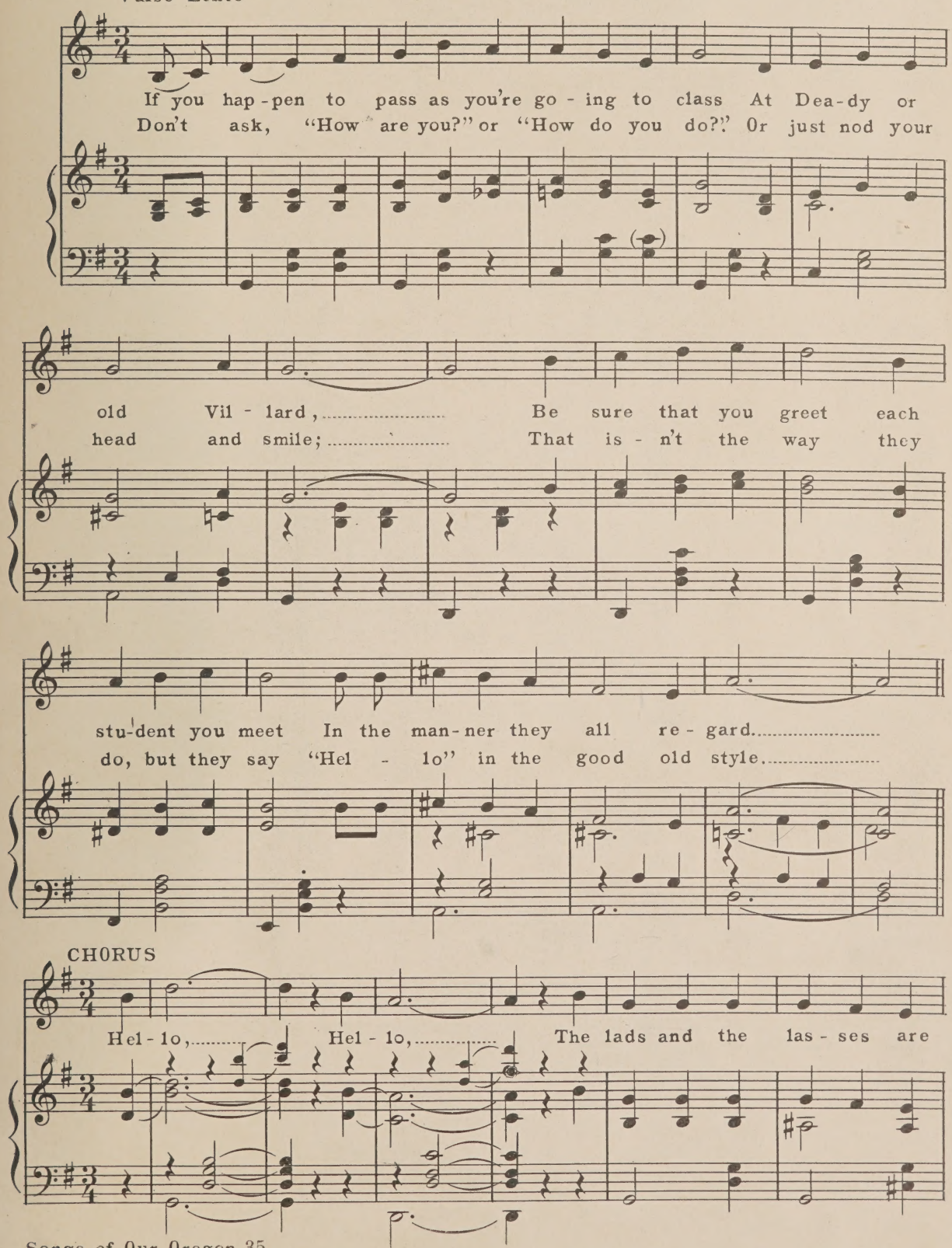
CHORUS

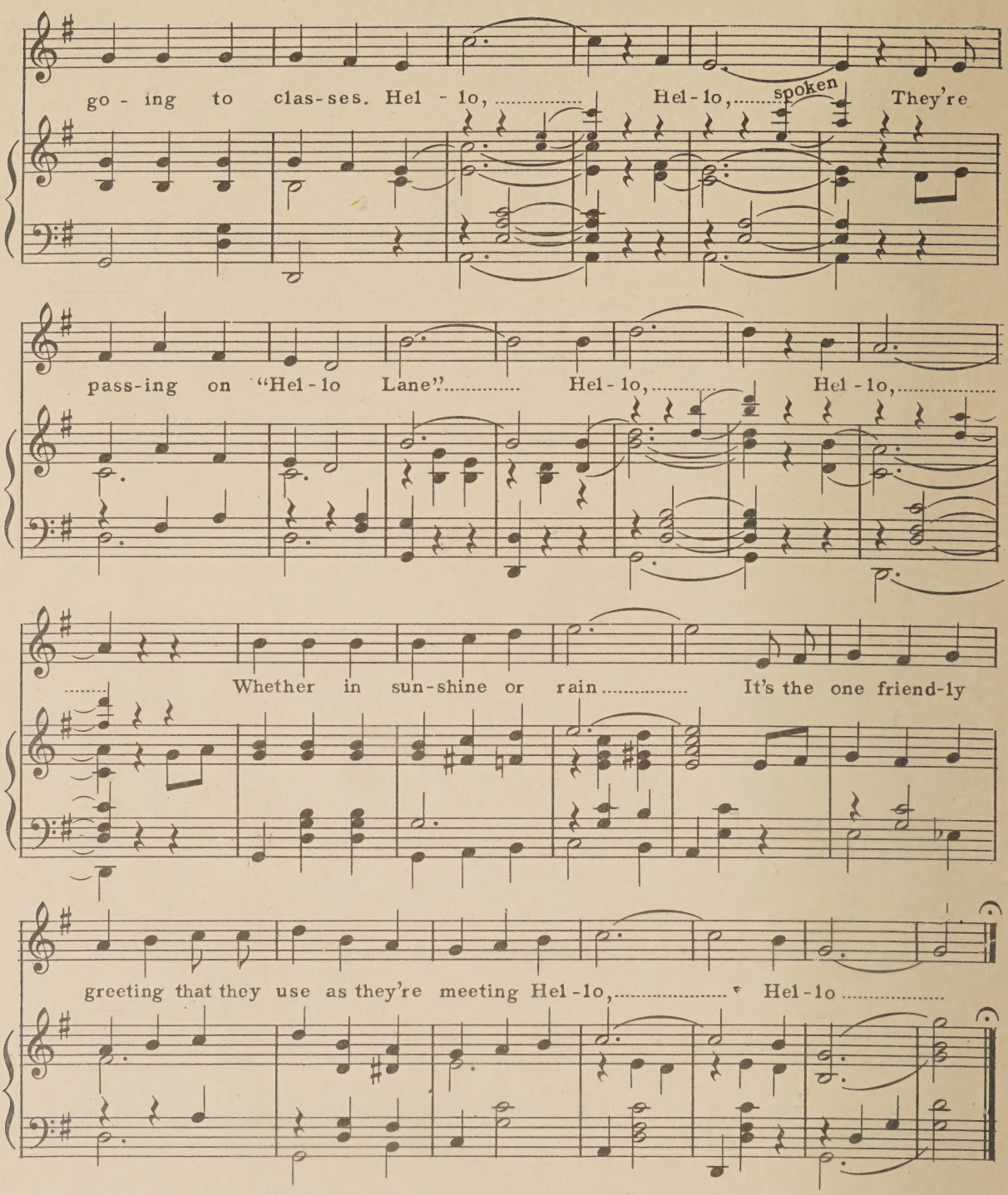

By Wil - lamette's sparkling wa - ter, Stands our no- ble Al - ma
Ma - ter; Sing thy prais - es ev - er- more Of
sing thy prais - es
bat - tles fought and won..... Sweet re- mem-brances a - bid - ing
rit
Of the same and ca - noes glid - ing, Let me dream by the
a tempo
old mill race Dreams of my Or - e - gon.....

Hello Lane

Words and Music by
W. F. G. THACHER

Valse Lente


If you hap-pen to pass as you're go-ing to class At Dea-dy or
Don't ask, "How are you?" or "How do you do?" Or just nod your
old Vil-lard,
Be sure that you greet each
head and smile;
That is-n't the way they
stu-dent you meet In the man-ner they all re-gard.
do, but they say "Hel-lo" in the good old style.
CHORUS
Hel-lo,
Hel-lo,
The lads and the las-ses are

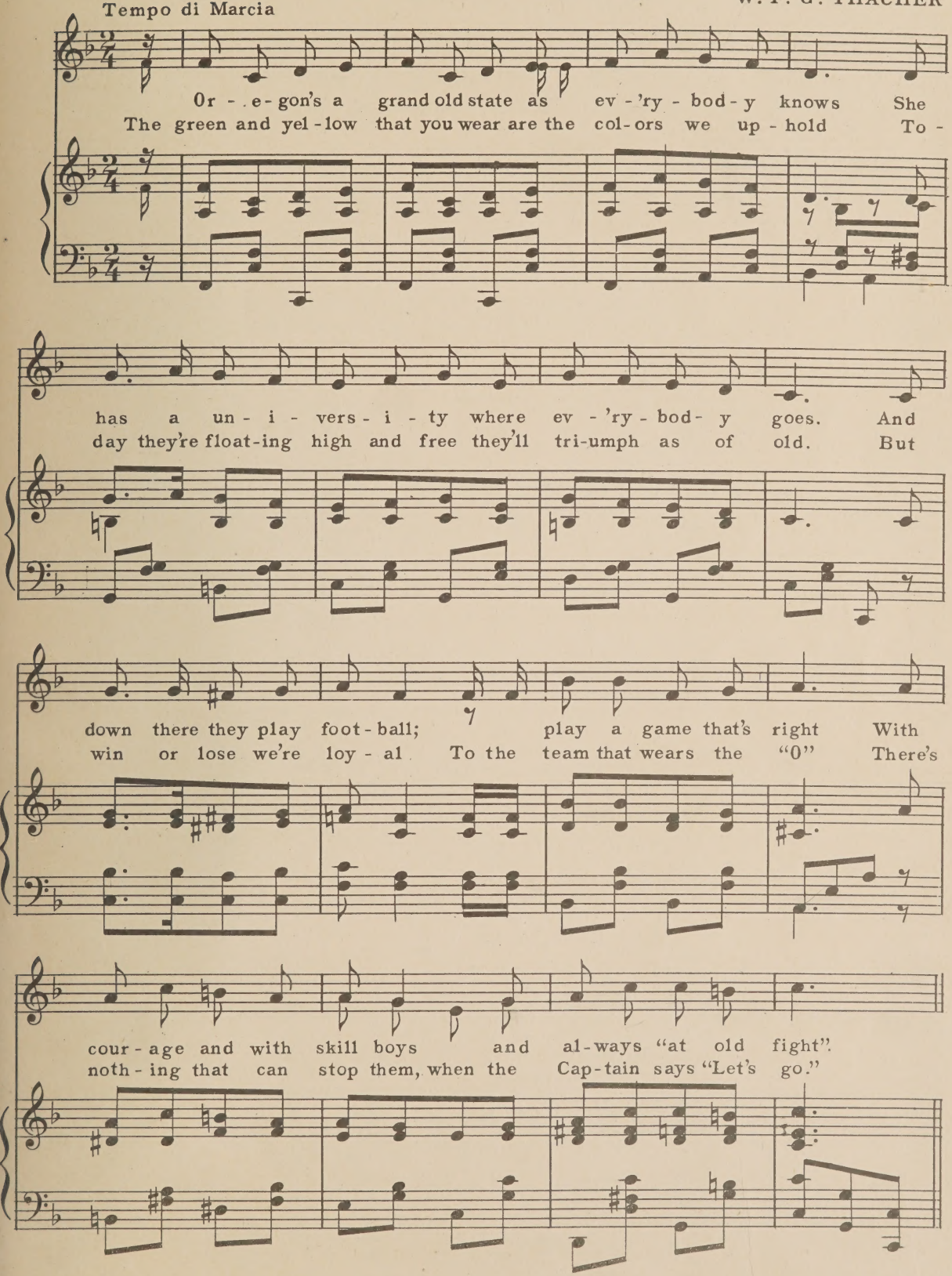

go - ing to clas-ses. Hel - lo, ... Hel-lo, ... spoken They're
pass-ing on "Hel-lo Lane". ..... Hel-lo, ... Hel-lo, ...
..... Whether in sun-shine or rain ..... It's the one friend-ly
greeting that they use as they're meeting Hel-lo, ... Hel-lo .....

3. There's a comradeship in it you feel every minute,
It brightens each hour of the day,
Be you Senior or Soph or even a Prof,
You cheer up and smile when they say: (CHORUS)

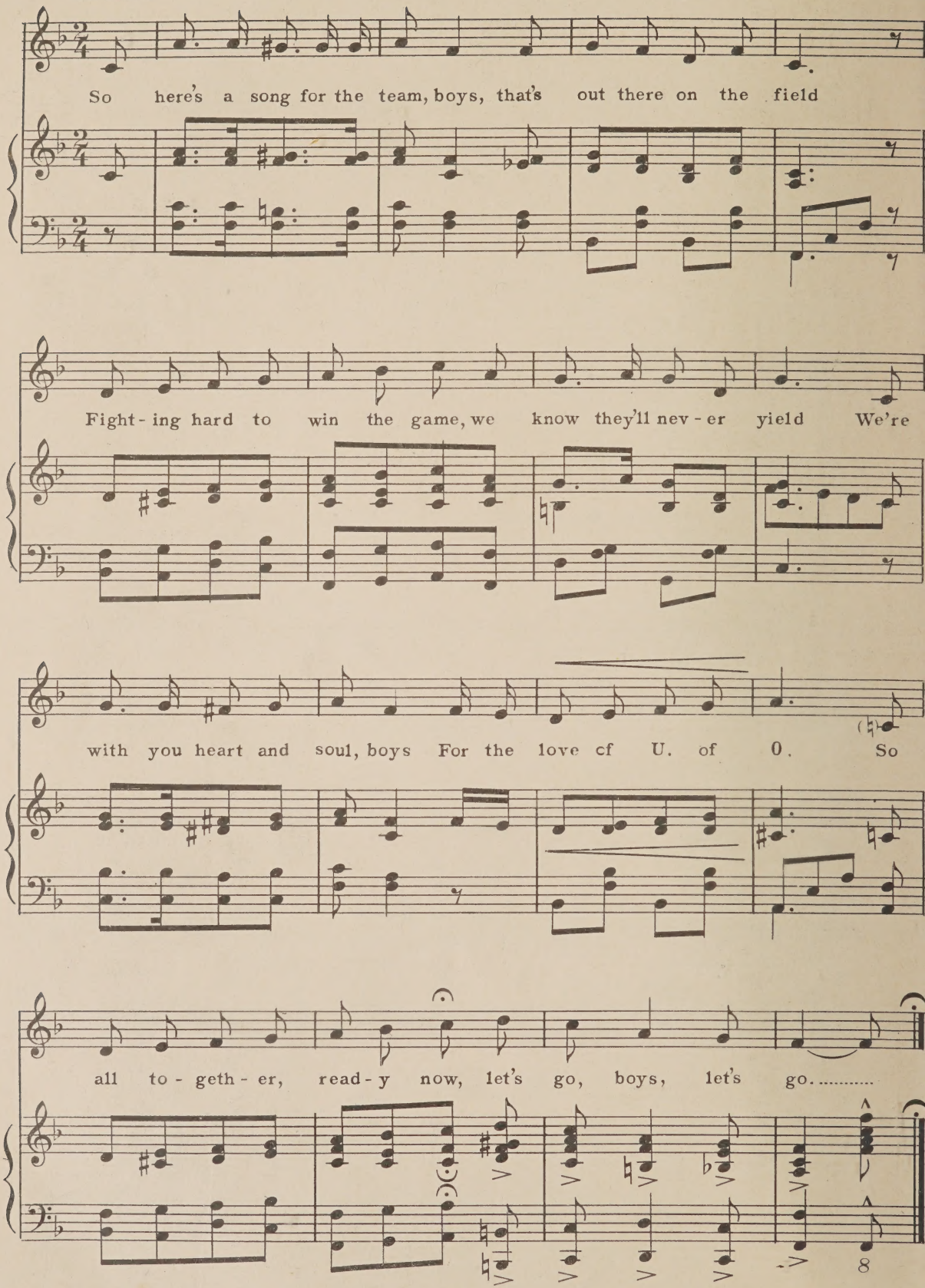
4. When you're an old "Grad" and your heart's kind o' sad
With the thoughts of the days that were dear,
Your eyes fill with tears as you turn back the years,
And you'd give half your life just to hear: (CHORUS)

Let's Go, Boys, Let's Go

Words and Music by
W. F. G. THACHER


Tempo di Marcia
Or - e - gon's a grand old state as ev - 'ry - bod - y knows She
The green and yel - low that you wear are the col - ors we up - hold To -
has a un - i - vers - i - ty where ev - 'ry - bod - y goes. And
day they're float - ing high and free they'll tri - umph as of old. But
down there they play foot - ball; play a game that's right With
win or lose we're loy - al To the team that wears the "O" There's
cour - age and with skill boys and al - ways "at old fight".
noth - ing that can stop them, when the Cap - tain says "Let's go."

CHORUS

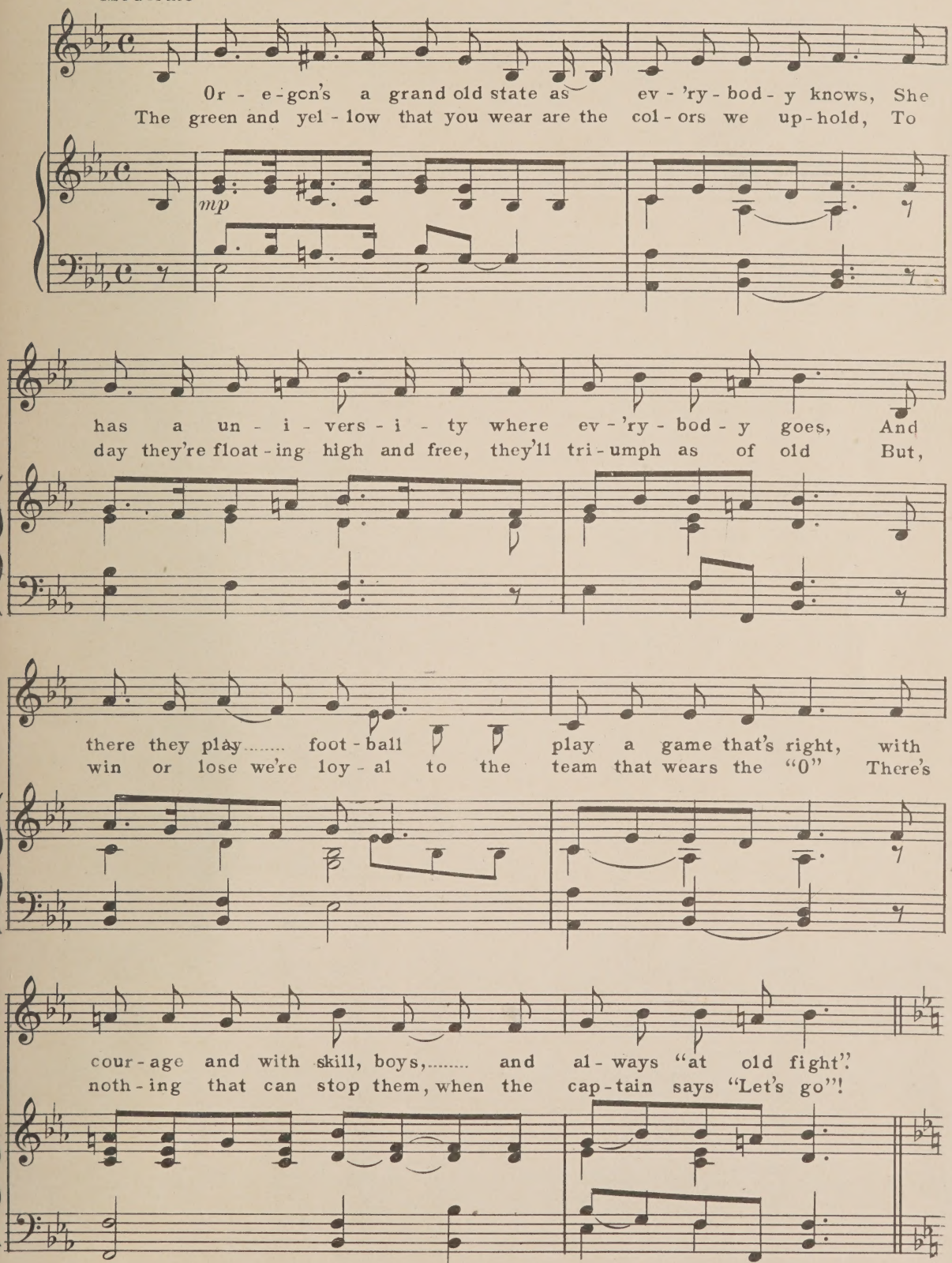

So here's a song for the team, boys, that's out there on the field
Fight-ing hard to win the game, we know they'll nev-er yield We're
with you heart and soul, boys For the love of U. of O. So
all to-geth-er, read-y now, let's go, boys, let's go.....

Let's Go, Boys, Let's Go

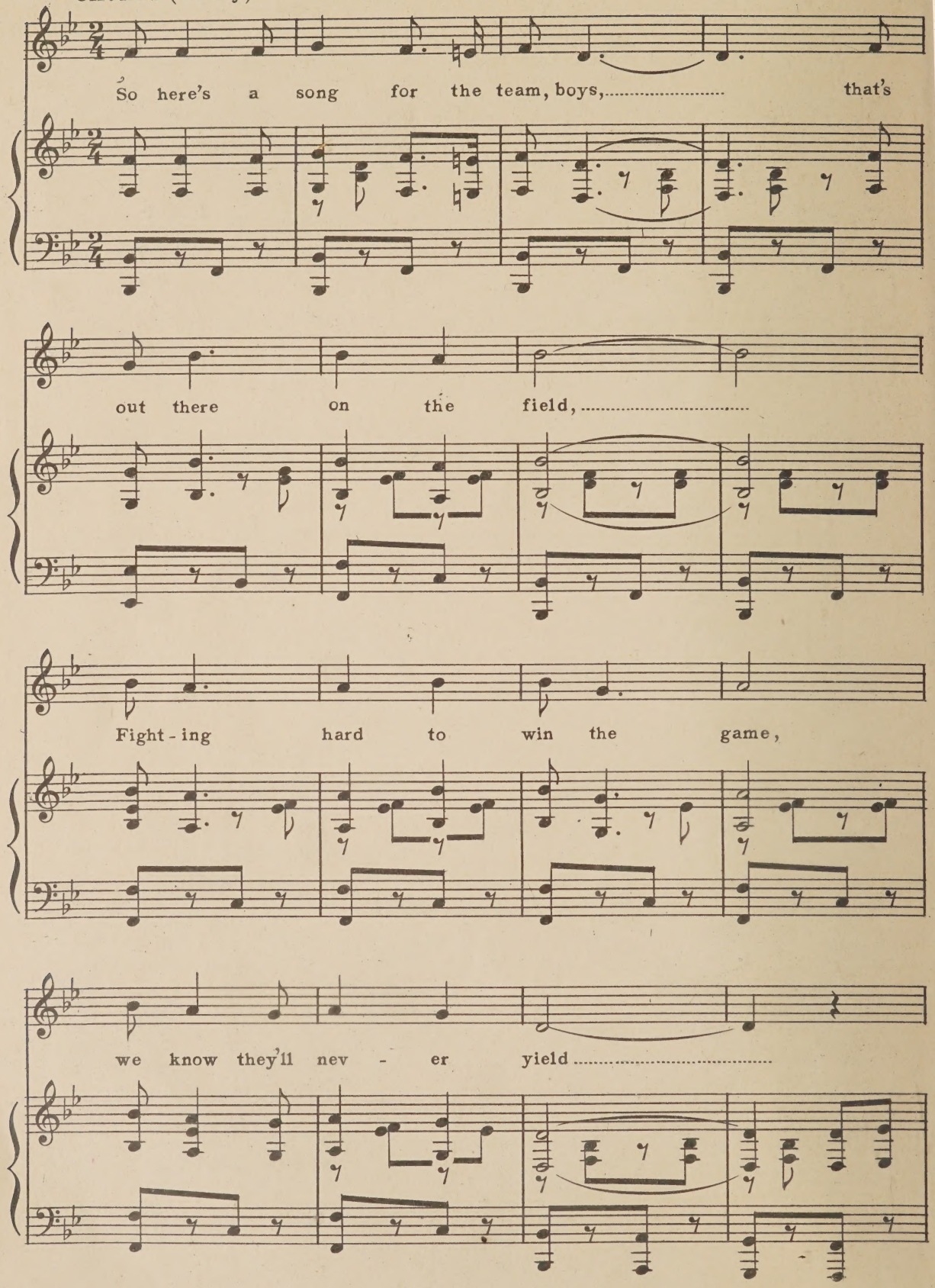
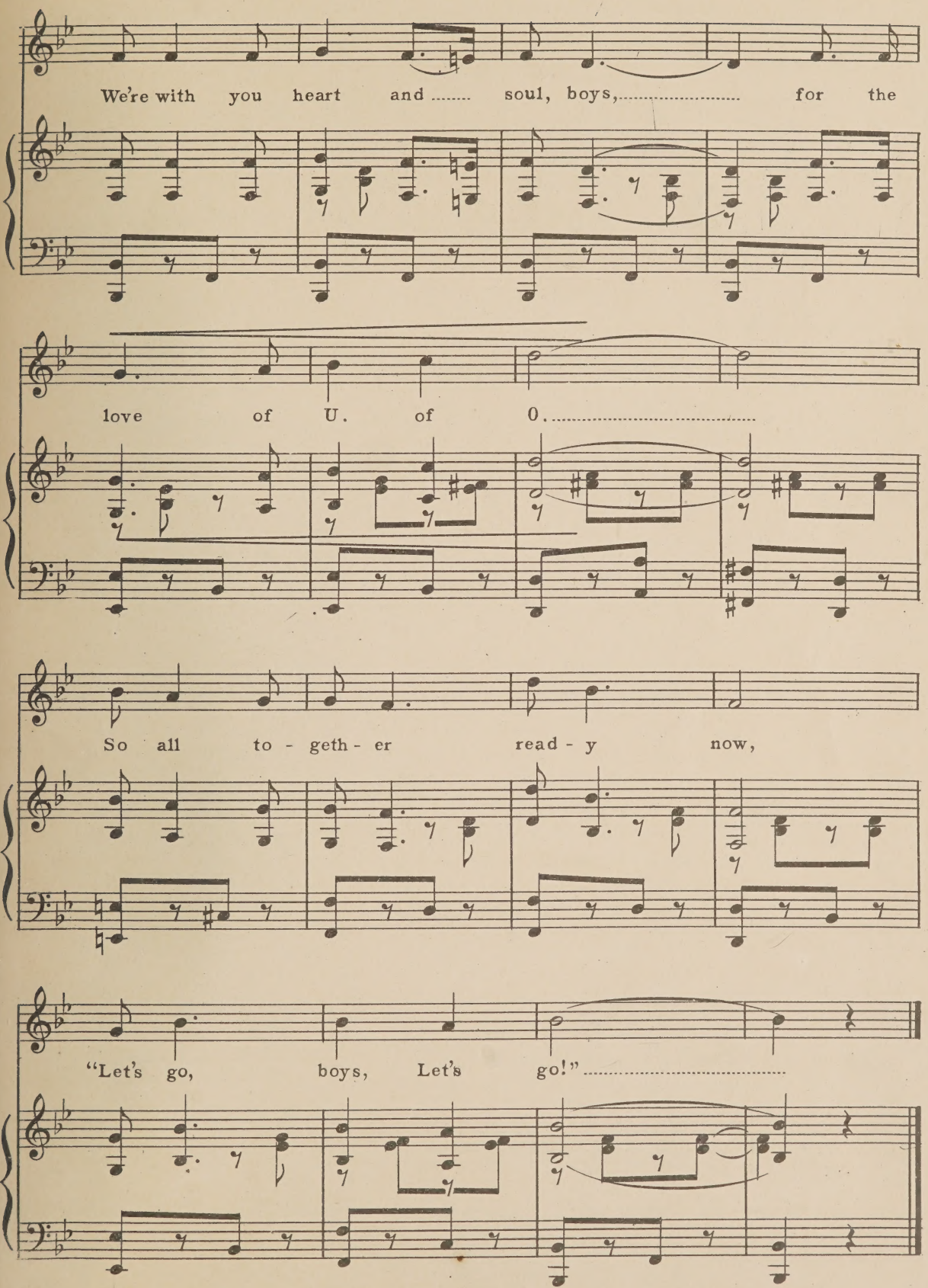
Words by
W. F. G. THACHER

Music by
PERRY BURTON ARANT

Moderato


Or - e-gon's a grand old state as ev - 'ry - bod - y knows, She
The green and yel - low that you wear are the col - ors we up - hold, To
mp
has a un - i - vers - i - ty where ev - 'ry - bod - y goes, And
day they're float - ing high and free, they'll tri - umph as of old But,
there they play..... foot - ball play a game that's right, with
win or lose we're loy - al to the team that wears the "O" There's
cour - age and with skill, boys,..... and al - ways "at old fight".
noth - ing that can stop them, when the cap - tain says "Let's go"!

CHORUS (Lively)

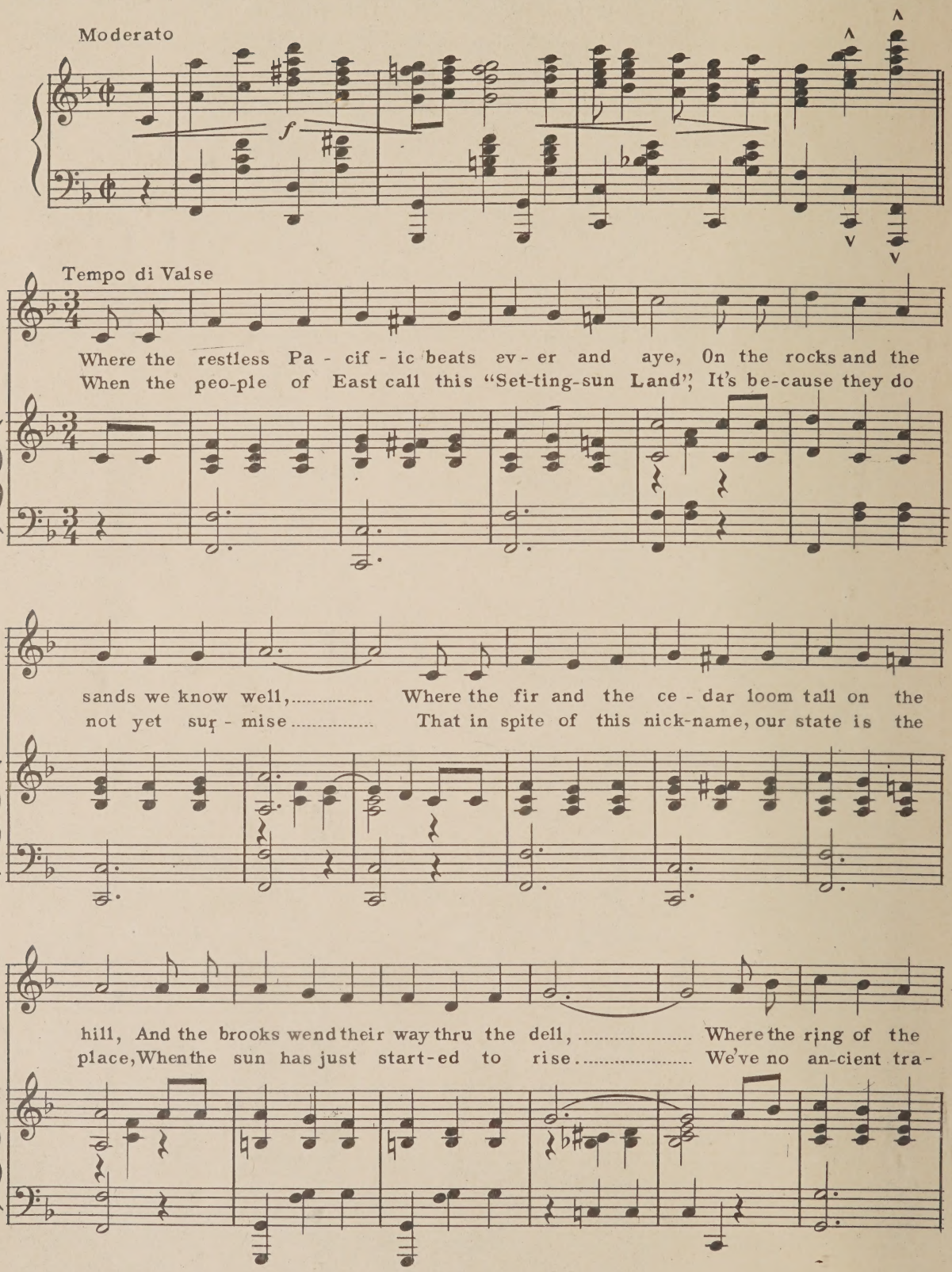


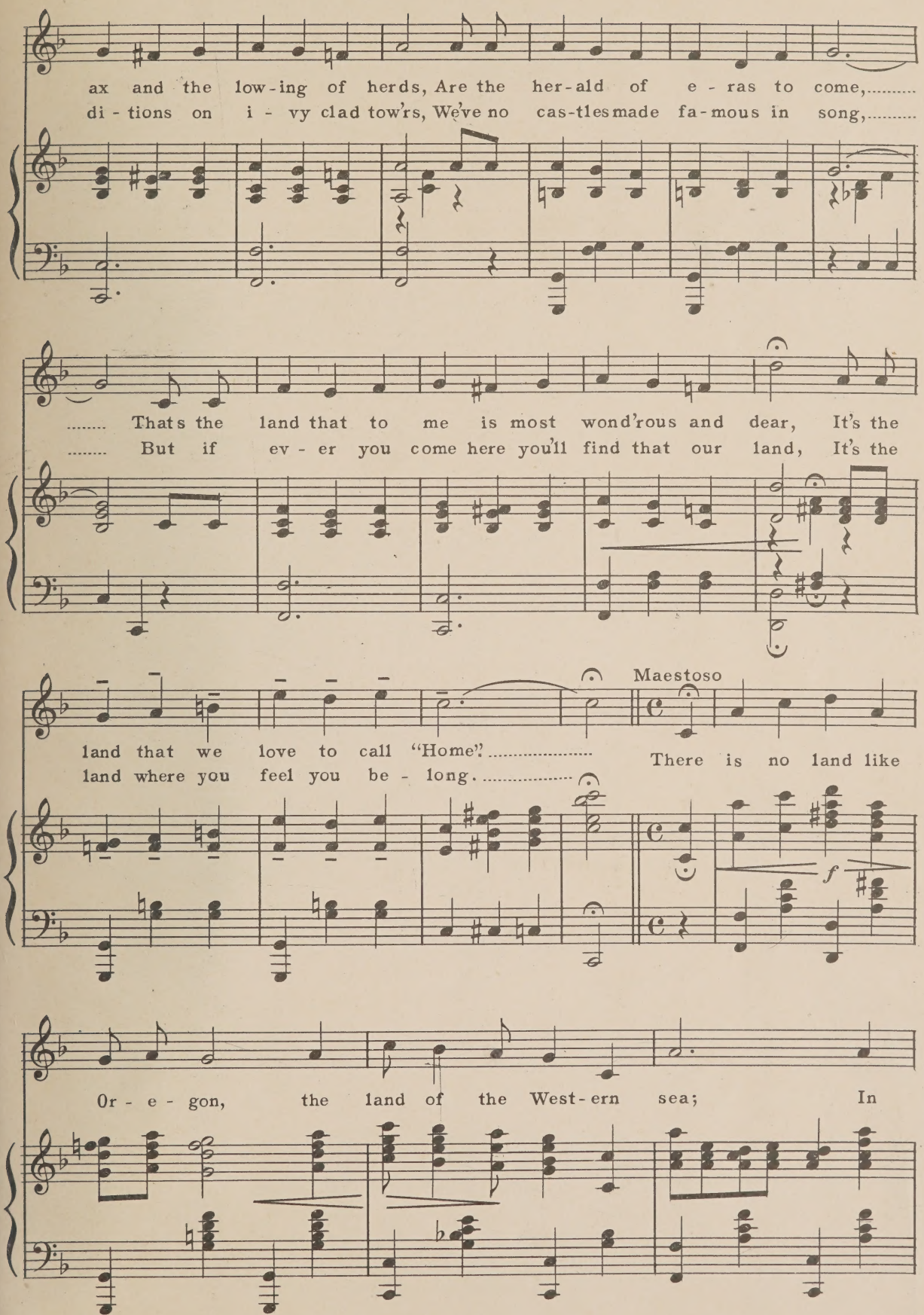
We're with you heart and ..... soul, boys,..... for the
love of U. of O.....
So all to - geth - er read - y now,
"Let's go, boys, Let's go!".....

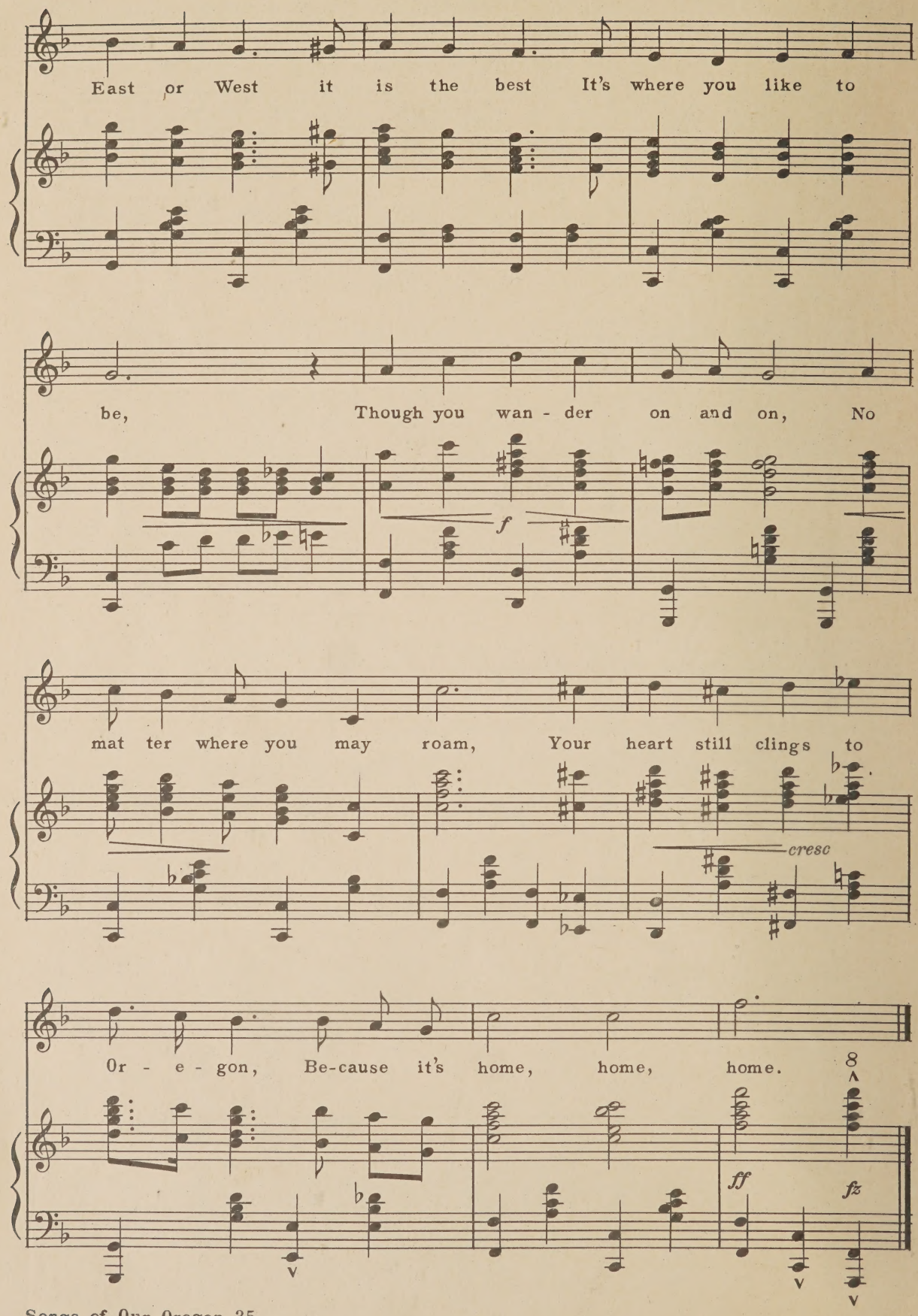
No Land Like Oregon

CHORUS

Arranged by
P. B. ARANT

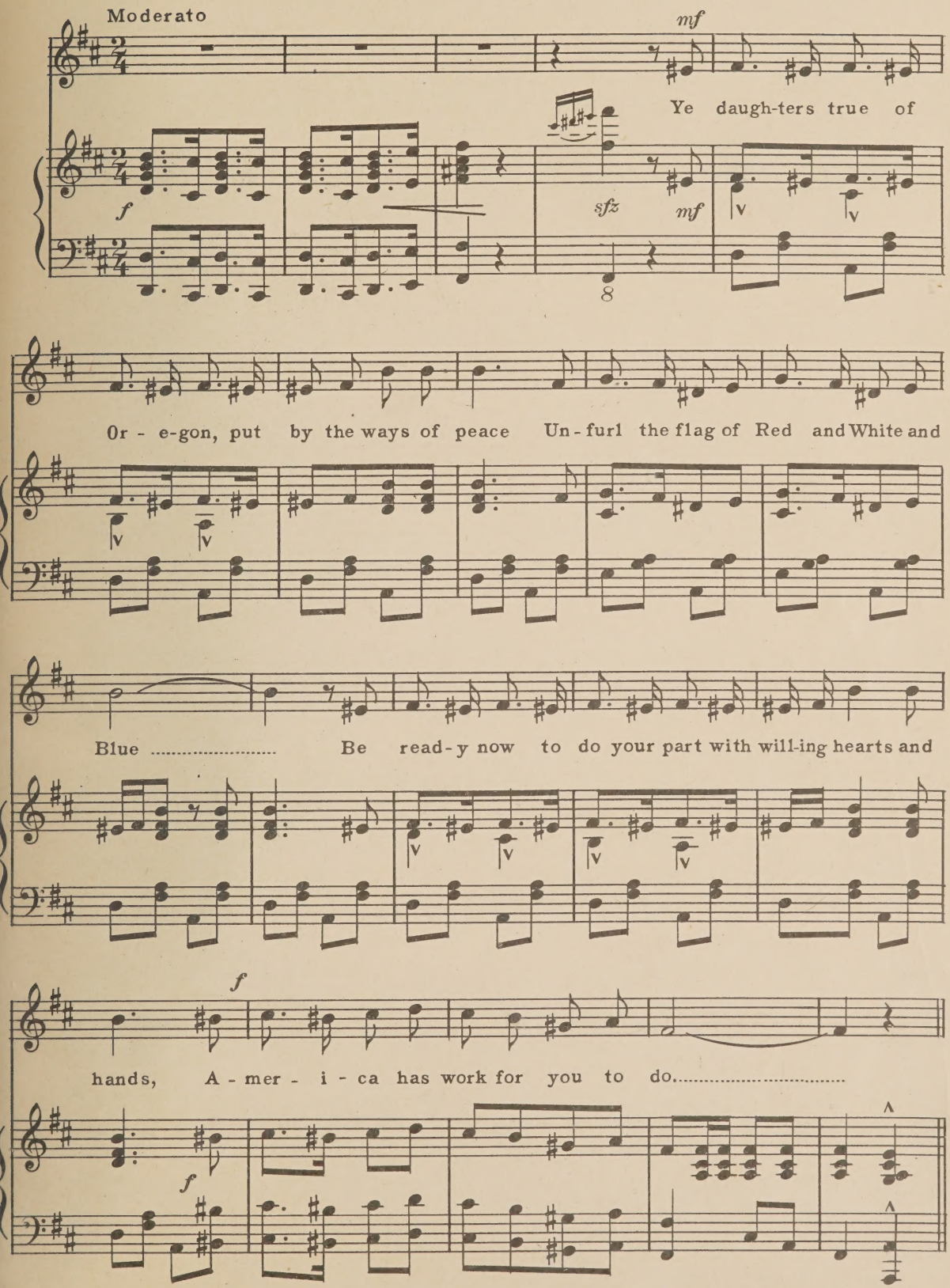
Words and Music by
C. R. MOORE

Moderato
f
Tempo di Valse
Where the restless Pa - cif - ic beats ev - er and aye, On the rocks and the
When the peo-ple of East call this "Set-ting-sun Land", It's be-cause they do
sands we know well,..... Where the fir and the ce - dar loom tall on the
not yet sur - mise..... That in spite of this nick-name, our state is the
hill, And the brooks wend their way thru the dell,..... Where the ring of the
place, When the sun has just start-ed to rise..... We've no an-cient tra-

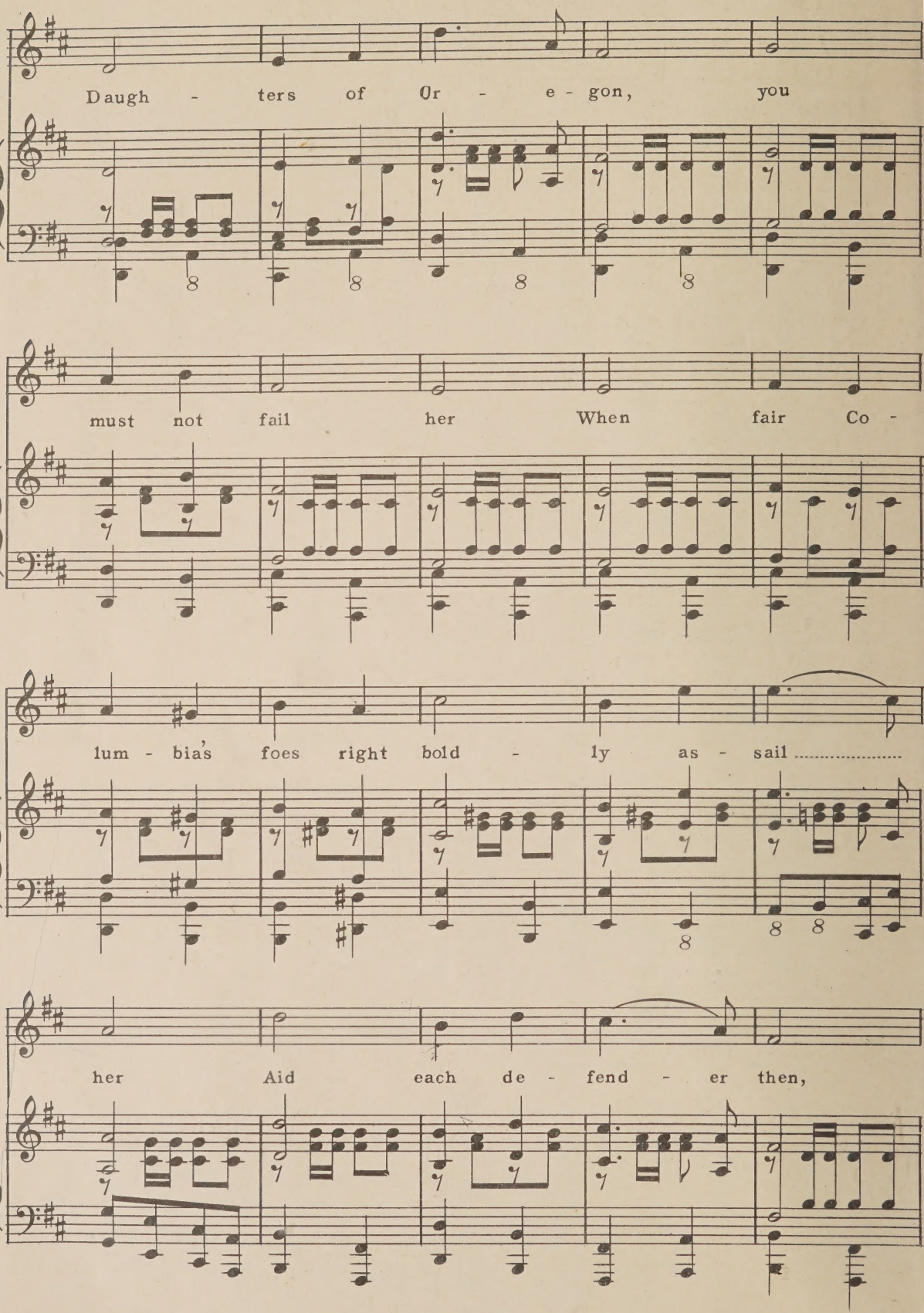

ax and the low-ing of herds, Are the her-ald of e - ras to come,.....
di - tions on i - vy clad tow'rs, We've no cas-tles made fa-mous in song,.....
..... That's the land that to me is most wond'rous and dear, It's the
..... But if ev - er you come here you'll find that our land, It's the
Maestoso
land that we love to call "Home"..... There is no land like
land where you feel you be - long.....
f
Or - e - gon, the land of the West-ern sea; In

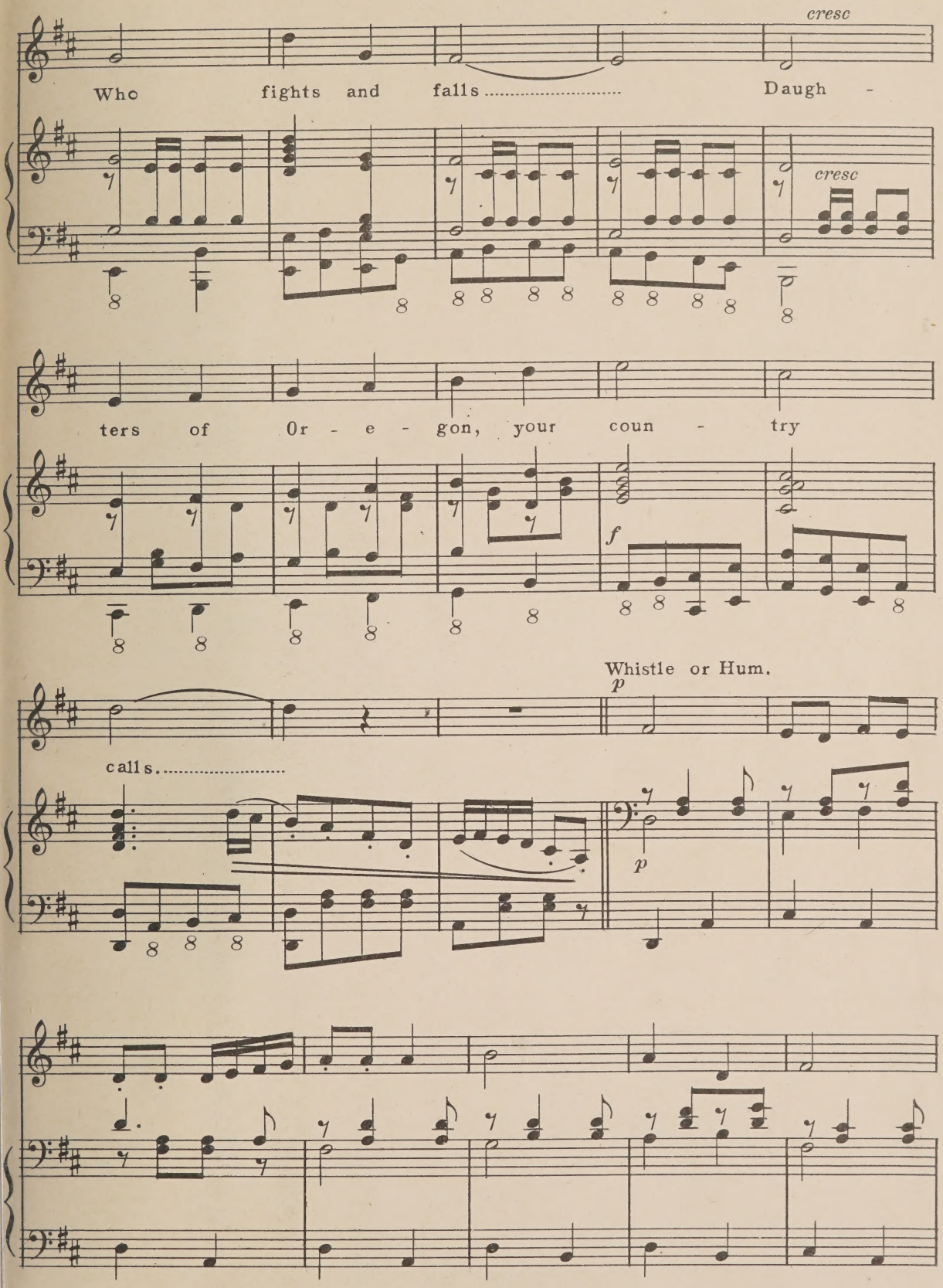

East or West it is the best It's where you like to
be, Though you wan - der on and on, No
f
mat ter where you may roam, Your heart still clings to
cresc
Or - e - gon, Be-cause it's home, home, home.
8
ff
fz

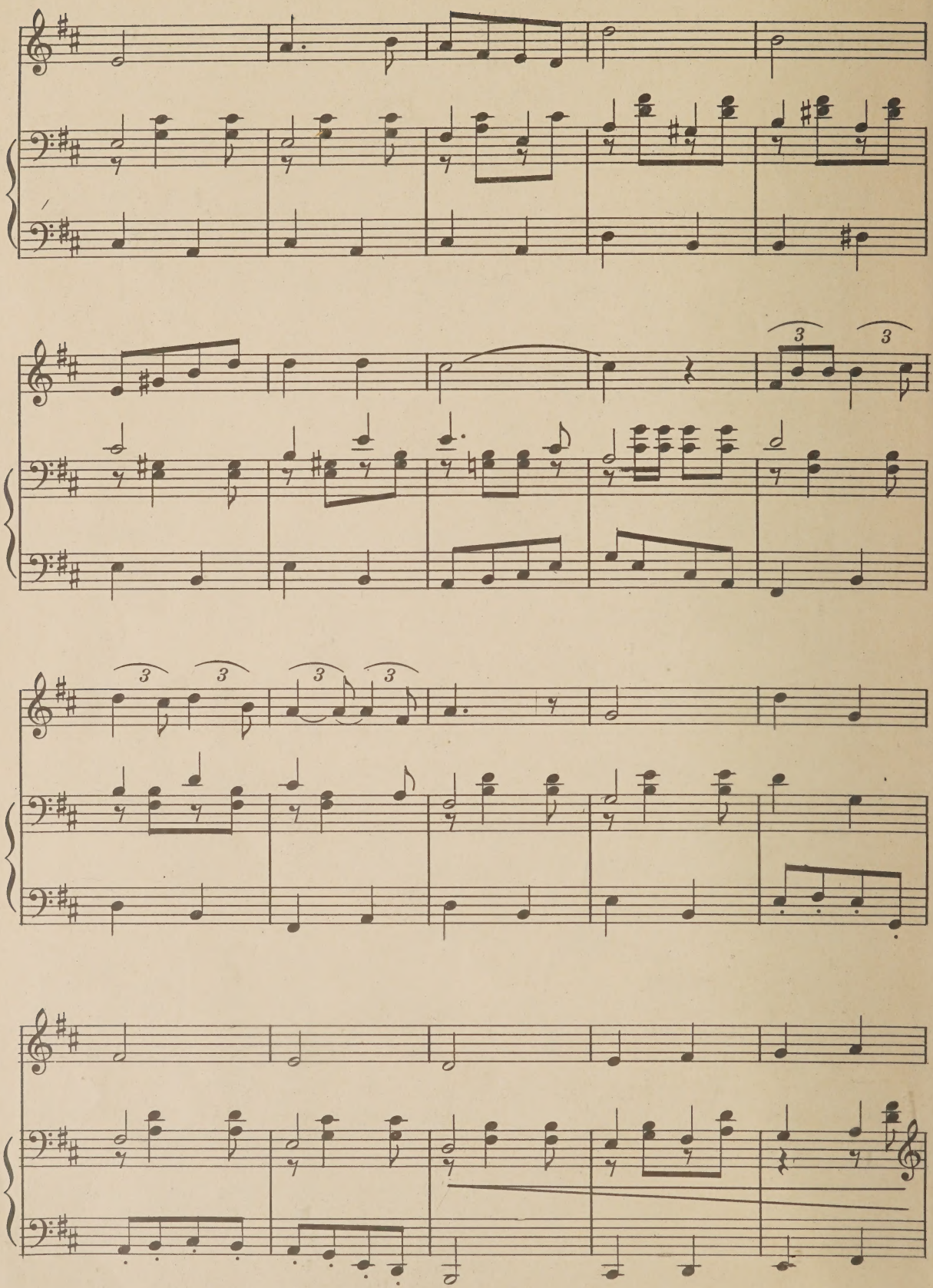
Daughters of Oregon

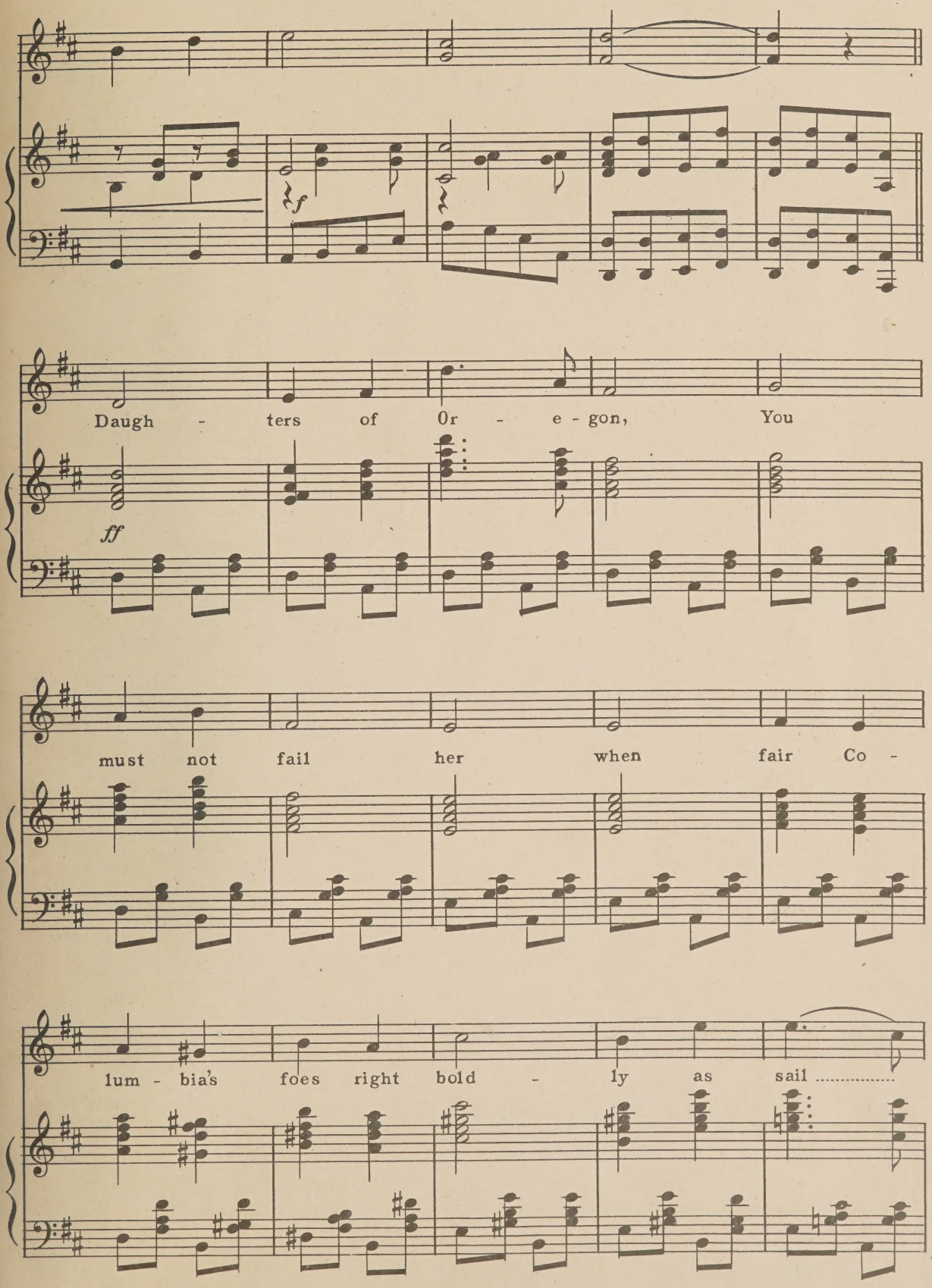
C. R. MOORE

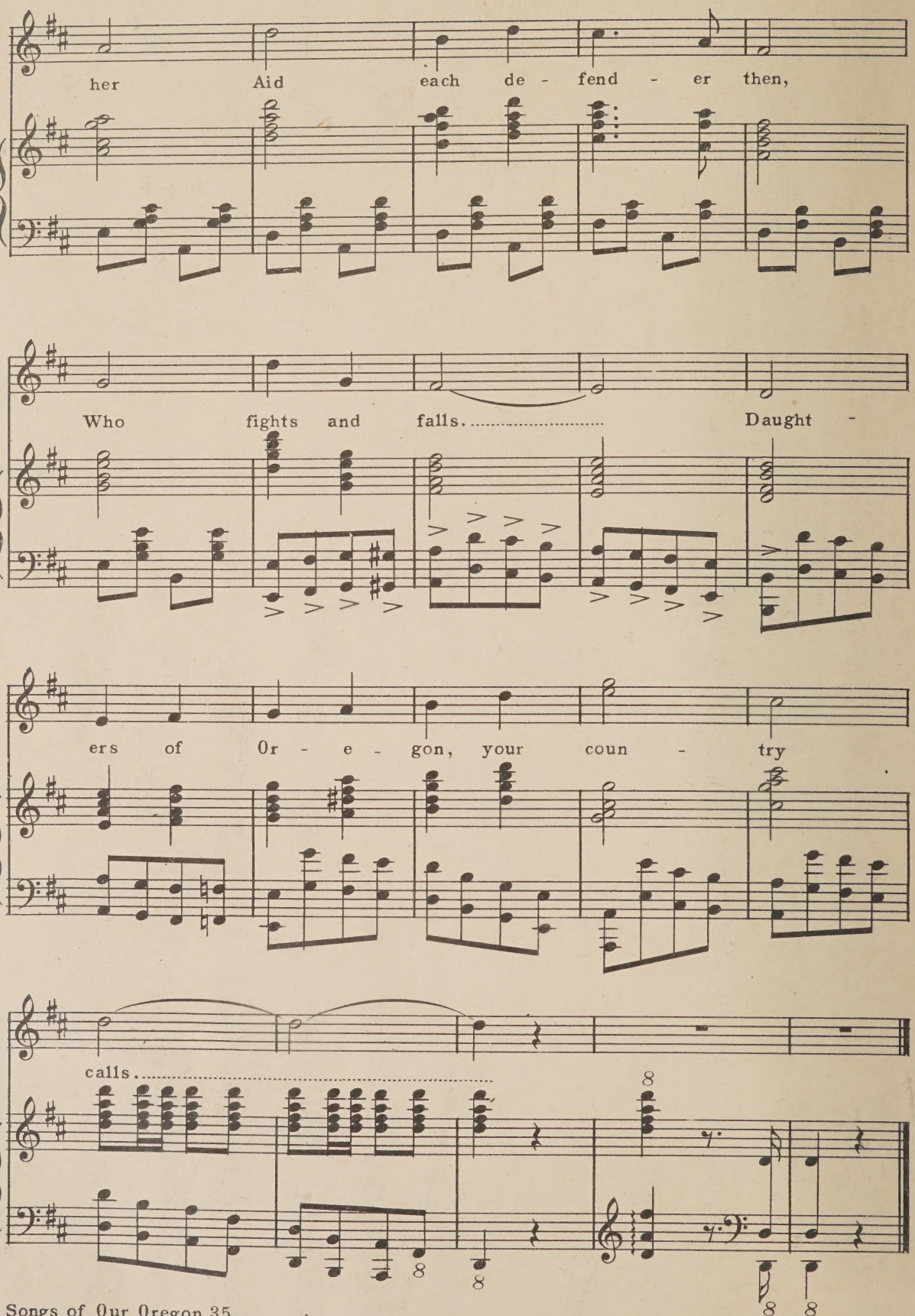

Moderato
mf
Ye daugh-ters true of
f
sfz
mf
Or - e-gon, put by the ways of peace Un-furl the flag of Red and White and
Blue ..... Be read-y now to do your part with will-ing hearts and
f
hands, A - mer - i - ca has work for you to do.....
f


Daugh - ters of Or - e - gon, you
must not fail her When fair Co -
lum - bia's foes right bold - ly as - sail .....
her Aid each de - fend - er then,


cresc
Who fights and falls ..... Daugh -
cresc
ters of Or - e - gon, your coun - try
f
Whistle or Hum.
p
calls.....
p




Daugh - ters of Or - e - gon, You
must not fail her when fair Co -
lum - bia's foes right bold - ly as sail .....

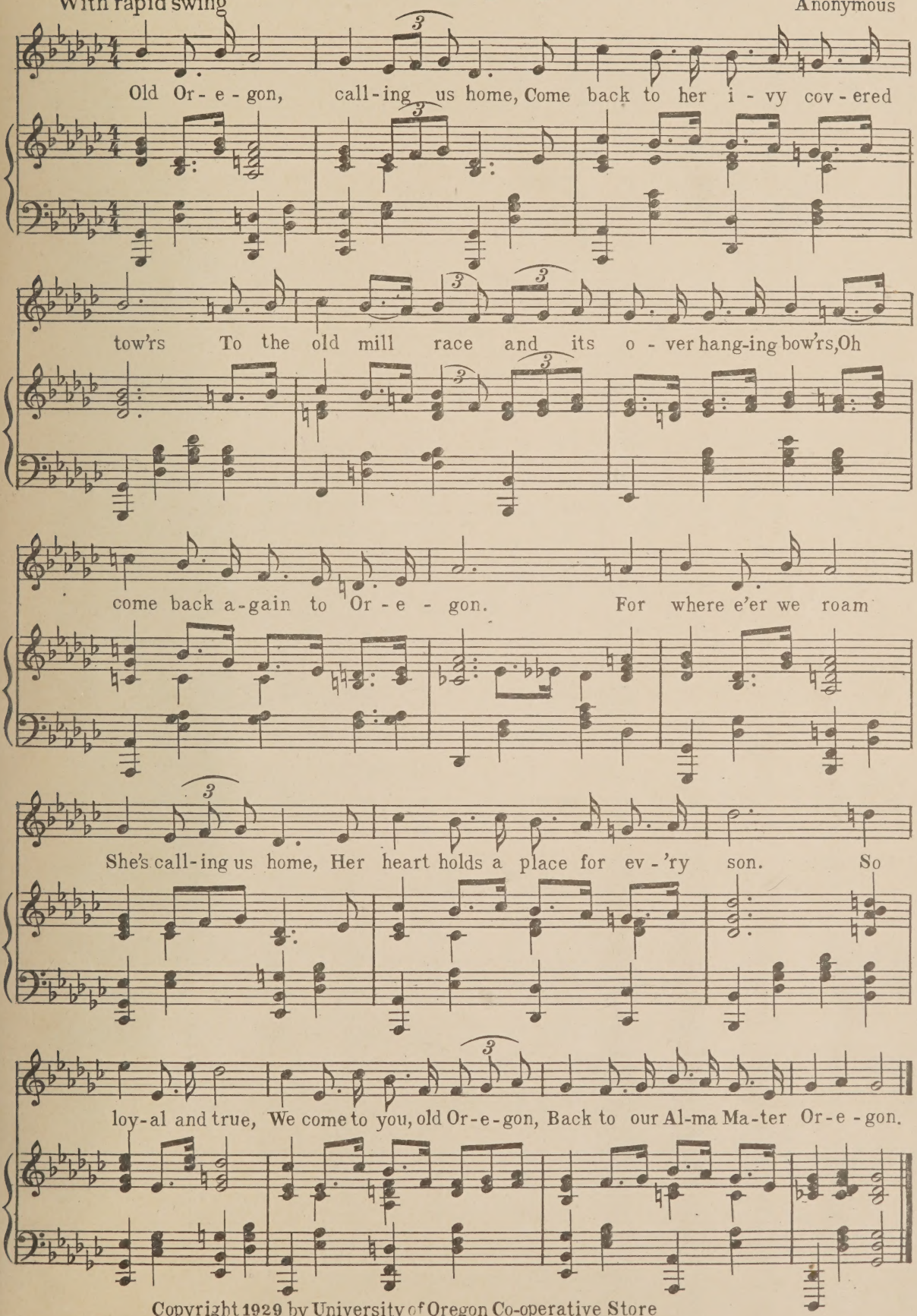

her Aid each de - fend - er then,
Who fights and falls. Daught -
ers of Or - e - gon, your coun - try
calls.

Come Back To Oregon

(Home Coming Song)

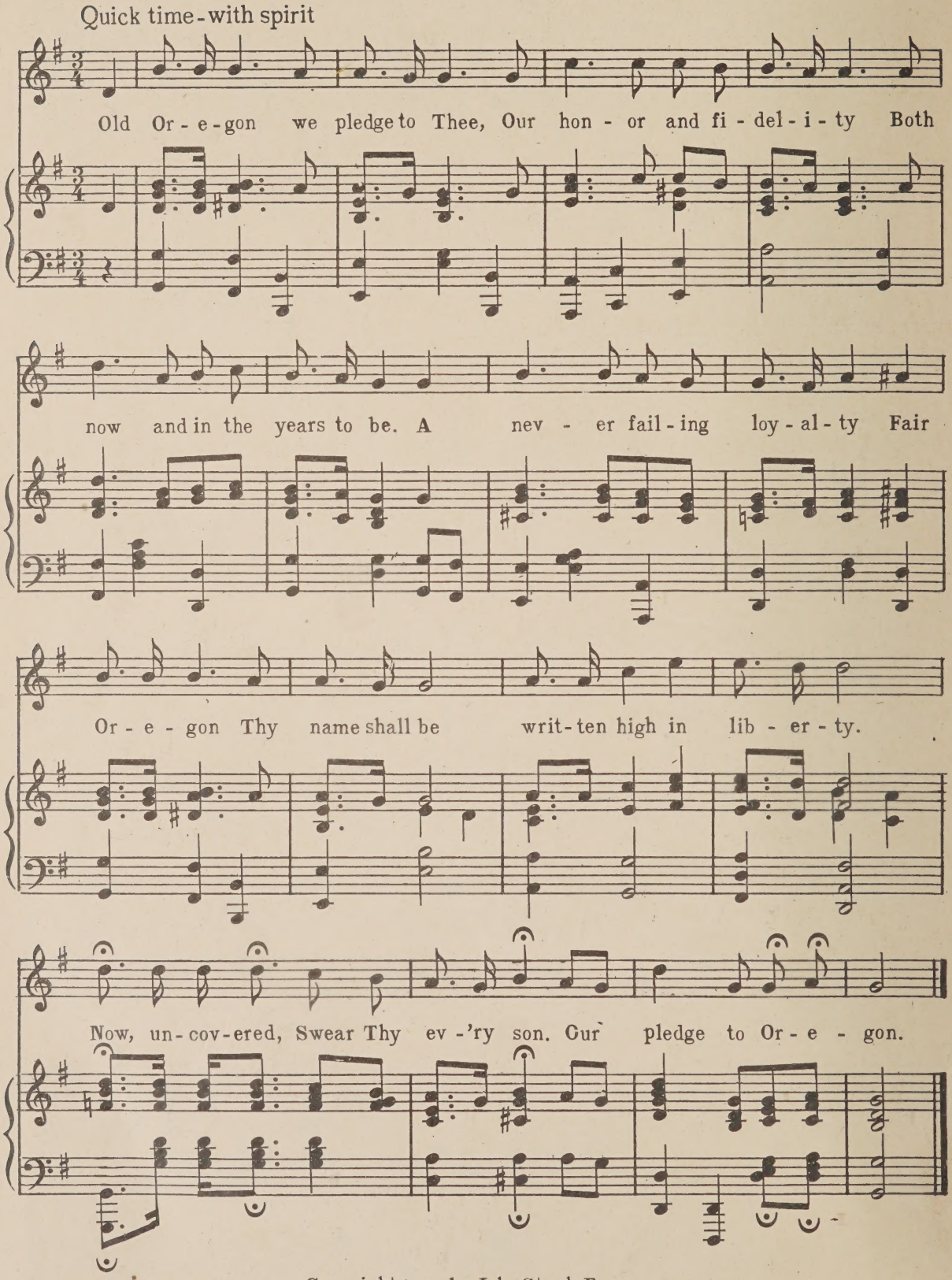
With rapid swing

Anonymous


Old Or - e - gon, call - ing us home, Come back to her i - vy cov - ered
tow'rs To the old mill race and its o - ver hang-ing bow'rs, Oh
come back a - gain to Or - e - gon. For where e'er we roam
She's call - ing us home, Her heart holds a place for ev - 'ry son. So
loy - al and true, We come to you, old Or - e - gon, Back to our Al - ma Ma - ter Or - e - gon.

Copyright 1929 by University of Oregon Co-operative Store

Oregon Pledge Song


Quick time - with spirit
Old Or - e - gon we pledge to Thee, Our hon - or and fi - del - i - ty Both
now and in the years to be. A nev - er fail - ing loy - al - ty Fair
Or - e - gon Thy name shall be writ - ten high in lib - er - ty.
Now, un - cov - ered, Swear Thy ev - 'ry son. Our pledge to Or - e - gon.

Copyright 1929 by John Stark Evans

Published by permission of the Copyright owner

Toast to Oregon

Tune: The SULTAN'S DREAM

Here's to U of O,
May she ever grow
Prosper and flourish
Truth ever nourish,
To her may blessings flow.
Here's to Varsity,
May she ever be
Loved by each son and
Loved by each daughter
To all eternity.
Here's to her football,
Here's to her track team,
Here's to each hero on the list;
Here's to her shouters,
Here's to her spouters,
Here's to the girls they've kissed.
Olee muckei
Olee Varsiti
Here's oskey wow wow,
Here's wiskey wee wee,
Here's Oregonei.
Flaunt her banners high and unceasingly,
Bring trophies of cups and flags to lay on her alters,
Honor be to her name increasingly
And cheer every onward step she takes.

SEC M1950 07 S76 1918